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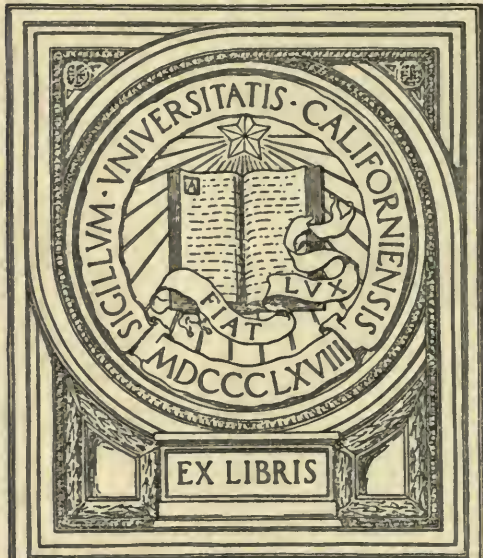


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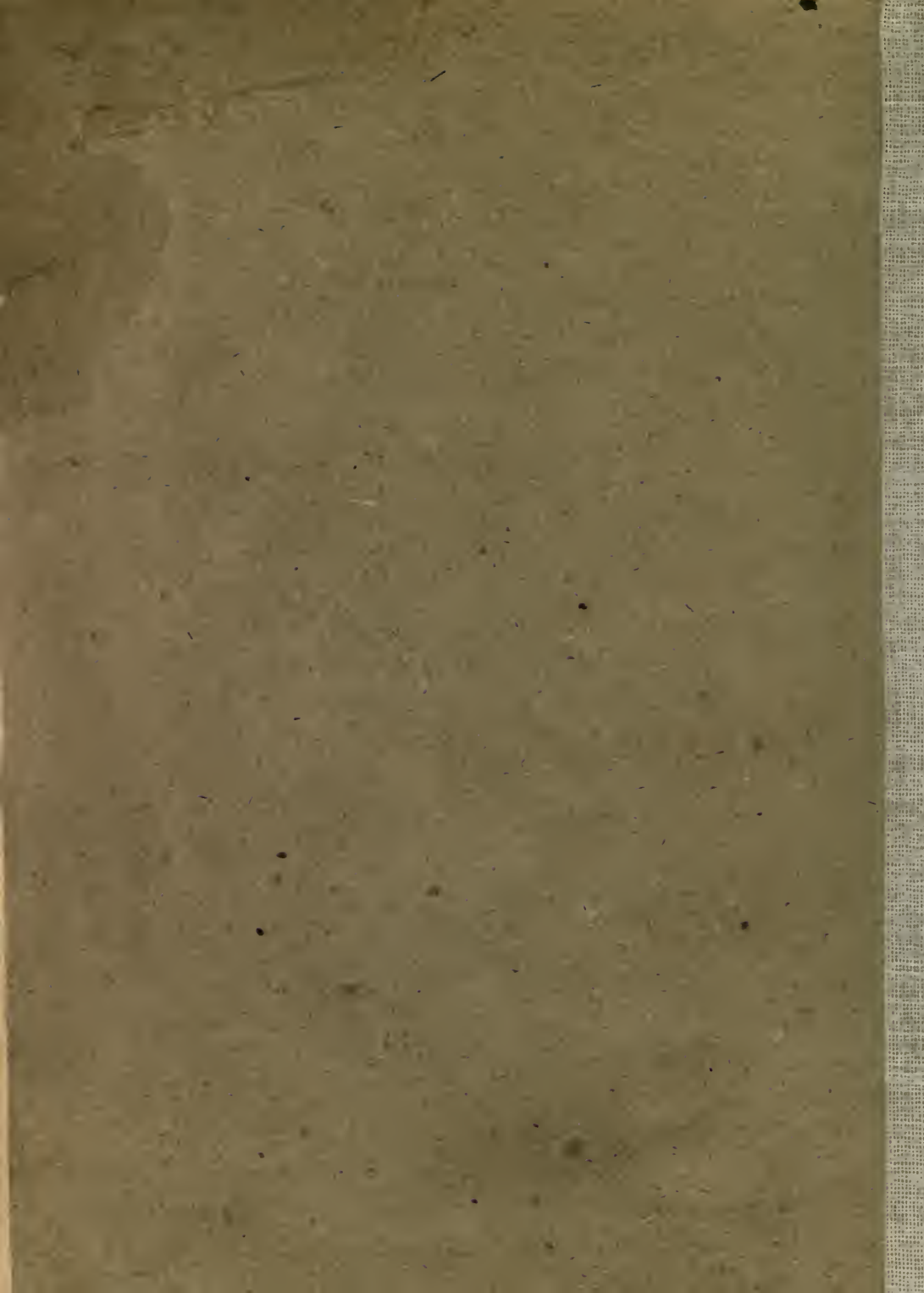


Duttons Lib

Wm Cobb
Friedonia
Guy

1860

Jonson (B.)—Cataline, his conspiracy, a tragedy: 4to.
Lond. 1674





CATILINE

Edward Pich

HIS CONSPIRACY.

A

Tragœdie.

As it is now Acted by His
MAJESTIE'S Servants;
at the Theatre ROYAL.

The Author *B. Jonson*

HORAT.

— His non plebecula gaudet:
*Verum equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Ompis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.*

LONDON;

Printed for A. C. and are to be sold by *William
Cademan* at the *Pope's Head* in the Lower
walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1674.

ITALY

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A

PROLOGUE TO CATILINE,

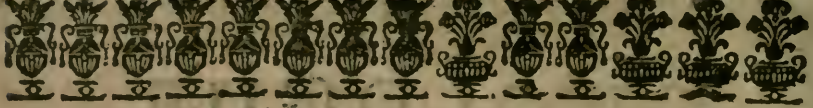
STACK-ANNEX

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1674

To be Merrily Spoke by Mrs. Nell,

in an *Amazonian* Habit.

A Woman's Prologue! This is veni'rous News;
But we, a Poet wanting, Crav'd a Muse.
Why should our Brains lye Fallow, as if they
Without His fire, were meer Promethean Clay?
In Natur's Plain-Song we may bear our parts;
Although We want choicè Descant from the Arts.
Amongst Musicians; so the Philomel
May in Whild-Notes, though not in Rules excell.
And when i'th weaker Vessel Wit doth lye;
Though into Froth it will work out, and flye.
But Gentlemen, You know our formal way;
Although we're sure 'tis false, yet we must say,
Nay Pish, Nay Fye, in troth it is not good,
When we the while, think it not understood:
Hither repair all you that are for Ben;
Let th' House hold full; We're sure to carry 't then.
Slight not this Femal Summons; Phœbus-rayes,
To Crown his Poets, turn'd our Sex to Bayes.
And Ladies sure you'l vote for us entire,
(This Plot doth prompt the Prologue to conspire)
Such inoffensive Combination can
But show, who best deserve true worth in Man.
And You, with Your great Author taking Part;
May chance be thought, like him to know the Art,
Vouchsafe then, as you look, to speak us fair,
Let the Gallants dislike it, if they dare:
They will so forfeit the repute of Judges,
You may turn Am'ZONS, and make them Drudges,
Man's claim to Rule is, in his Reason bred;
This Masculine Sex of Brain may make you Head.
'Tis real Skill, in the Right place to praise;
But more, to have the Wit, not to Write Playes.



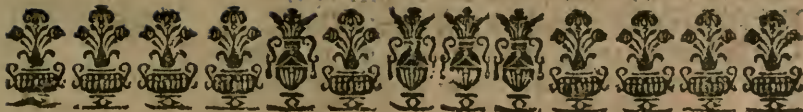
The Persons of the Play.

Sylla's Ghost.

Catiline.	Cicero.
Lentulus.	Antonius.
Cethegus.	Cato.
Curius.	Catulus.
Autronius.	Crassus.
Vargunteius.	Cæsar.
Longinus.	<i>Qu.</i> Cicero.
Lecca.	Syllanus.
Fulvius.	Flaccus.
Bestia.	Pomtinius.
Gabinus.	Sanga.
Statilius.	Senators.
Ceparius.	Allobroges.
Cornelius.	Petreius.
Volturtius.	Souldiers.
Aurelia.	Porter.
Fulvia.	Lictors.
Sempronia.	Servants.
Galla.	Pages.

Chorus.

The Scene Rome.



CATILINE.

ACT I.

Sylla's Ghost.

Dost thou not feel me, *Rome*? not yet? Is night
 So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?
 Can *Sylla's* Ghost arise within thy Walls,
 Less threatening, than an Earth-quake, the quick falls
 Of thee, and thine? shake not the frighted Heads
 Of thy steep Towers? Or shrink to their first Beds?
 Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
 Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud Hills?
 What sleep is this doth seize thee, so like Death,
 And is not it? Wake, feel her in my breath:
 Behold, I come, sent from the *Strygian* sound,
 As a dire vapor, that had cleft the ground,
 T'ingender with the Night, and blast the Day;
 Or like a Pestilence, that should display
 Infection through the World: which, thus, I do. } *Discovers Catiline*
Pluto be at thy counsell; and into } *in his Study.*
 Thy darker bosom enter *Sylla's* Spirit:
 All, that was mine, and bad, thy best inherit.
 Alas, how weak is that, for *Cariline*!
 Did I but say (vain Voice!) all that was mine?
 All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marius* would;
 What now, had I a body again I could,
 Coming from Hell; what Fiends would wish, should be;
 And *Hannibal* could not have wish'd to see:
 Think thou, and practise. Let the long-hid Seeds
 Of Treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds,

Ranker, than horror; and thy former facts
 Not fall in mention, but to urge new Acts:
 Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.
 Be still thy Incests, Murders, Rapes, before
 Thy sence; thy forcing first a *Vestal* Nun;
 Thy Parricide, late, on thine own only Son,
 After his Mother; to make empty way
 For thy last wicked Nuptials; worse than they,
 That blaze that Act of thy incestious Life,
 Which got thee, at once, a Daughter, and a Wife.
 I leave the slaughters that thou didst for me,
 Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee
 Thy murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)
 And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame:
 Thy Incest, with thy Sister, I not name.
 These are too light. *Fate* will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which, no mischief can be new;
 The ruine of thy Country: thou wert built
 For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
 What though defeated once th' hast been, and known?
 Tempt it again: That is thy act, or none,
 What, all the several ills that visit Earth,
 (Brought forth by night with a sinister birth)
 Plagues, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto;
 The Sword, nor Surfeits; let thy Fury do:
 Make all past, present, future ill thine own;
 And conquer all example, in thy one.
 Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
 Drown the remembrance: let not mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, encrease.
 Conscience and care die in thee; and be free
 Not Heav'n it self from thy impiety:
 Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day,
 At shewing but thy head forth, start away
 From this half-spear; and leave *Romes* blinded Walls
 T' embrace Lusts, Hatreds, Slaughters, Funerals,
 And not recover sight, till their own flames
 Do light them to their ruines. All the names
 Of thy Confederates, too, be no less great
 In Hell, than here: that, when we would repeat
 Our strengths in muster, we may name you all,
 And *Furies*, upon you, for *Furies*, call.
 Whilst what you do, may strike them into fears,
 Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs.

Catiline.

IT is decree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, O *Rome*,
 Resist my vow. Though Hills were set on Hills,
 And Seas met Seas, to guard thee; I would through:
 I, plough up Rocks, steep as the *Alps*, in dust,
 And lave the *Tyrrhene* Waters into Clouds;
 But I would reach thy Head, thy Head, proud City.
 The ills that I have done, cannot be safe
 But by attempting greater; and I feel
 A Spirit within me, chides my sluggish hands,
 And says, they have been innocent too long.
 Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her self?
 One, form'd for all her Honours, all her Glories?
 Equal to all her Titles? that could stand
 Close up, with *Atlas*; and sustain her name
 As strong, as he doth Heav'n? And, was I,
 Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
 By her no voice, when I stood *Candidate*,
 To be Commander in the *Pontick* War?
 I will, hereafter, call her Step-dame, ever.
 If she can loose her Nature, I can loose
 My Piety; and in her stony entrails
 Dig me a seat: where, I will live again,
 The labour of her Womb, and be a burden
 Weightier than all the Prodigies and Monsters
 That she hath teem'd with, since she first knew *Mars*.

Catiline, Aurelia.

W Ho's there? *Aur.* 'Tis I. *Cat.* *Aurelia*? *Aur.* Yes. *Cat.* Appear,
 And break, like day, my beauty to this circle:
 Upbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long
 In mounting to that point, which should give thee
 Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns my Sweet?
 Have I too long been absent from these Lips, [*He kisseth them.*]
 This Cheek, these Eyes? What is my trespass? speak.

Aur. 't seems; you know, that can accuse your self.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still you say so: When?

Cat. When *Orcstilla*, by her bearing well
 These my Retirements, and stoln times for thought,
 Shall give their effects leave to call her Queen
 Of all the World, in place of humbled *Rome*.

Aur. You court me, now.

Cat. As I would always, Love,
 By this *Ambrosiack* Kifs, and this of *Nectar*,
 Woulst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
 Could my *Aurelia* think I meant her less;

When, wooing her, I first remov'd a Wife,
 And then a Son, to make my Bed and House
 Spacious, and fit t' embrace her? These were deeds.
 Not t' have begun with, but to end with more,
 And greater: "He that, building, stays at one
 "Floor, or the second, hath erected none.
 'Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating;
 To make some act of mine answer thy love:
 That love, that, when my state was now quite sunk,
 Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
 And made my emergent-fortune-once more look
 Above the main; which, now, shall hit the Stars,
 And stick my *Orestilla*, there, amongst 'hem,
 If any tempest can but make the billow,
 And any billow can but lift her greatness.
 But, I must pray my Love, she will put on
 Like habits with my self. I have to do
 With many men, and many natures. Some,
 That must be blown, and sooth'd; as *Lentulus*;
 Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying his blood,
 And a vain dream, out of the *Sybill's* Books,
 That a third man, of that great Family,
 Whereof he is descended, the *Cornelii*,
 Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd
 The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead: Then, bold *Cethegus*,
 Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
 And prais'd so into daring, as he would
 Go on upon the Gods; kiss Lightning, wrest
 The Engine from the *Cyclops*, and give fire
 At face of a full Cloud, and stand his ire:
 When I would bid him move. Others there are,
 Whom envy to the State draws, and puts on,
 For contumelies receiv'd; (and such are sure ones)
 As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
 Both which have been degraded, in the *Senate*,
 And must have their disgraces, still, new rubb'd;
 To make 'hem smart, and labour of revenge.
 Others, whom meer ambition fires, and dole
 Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have feign'd
 To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
 These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Autronius*.
 Some, whom their wants oppress, as th' idle Captains
 Of *Sylla's* troops: and divers *Roman* Knights
 (The profuse Wasters of their Patrimonies)
 So threatned with their Debts, as they will, now,

Run any desperate fortune, for a change.
 These, for a time, we must relieve, *Aurelia*,
 And make our House the safe-guard: like, for those,
 That fear the Law, or stand within her gripe,
 For any act past, or to come. Such will
 From their own crimes, be factious, as from ours.
 Some more there be, slight Airlings, will be won
 With Dogs and Horses; or, perhaps, a Whore;
 Which must be had: and if they venture Lives
 For us, *Aurelia*, we must hazard Honours
 A little. Get thee store, and change of Women,
 As I have Boys; and give 'hem time, and place,
 And all connivence: be thy self, too, courtly;
 And entertain, and feast, sit up, and revel;
 Call all the great, the fair, and spirited *Dames*
 Of *Rome* about thee; and begin a fashion
 Of freedom, and community. Some will thank thee,
 Though the sovre *Senate* frown, whose Heads must ake
 In fear, and feeling too. We must not spare
 Or cost, or modesty. It can but shew
 Like one of *Juno's*, or of *Jove's* disguises,
 In either thee, or me: and will as soon,
 VVhen things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
 As is a Vail put off, a Visor chang'd,
 Or the *Scene* shifted in our *Theaters*—— [A noise without.

VWho's that? It is the voice of *Lentulus*.
Aur. Or of *Cethegus*. *Car.* In, my fair *Aurelia*,
 And think upon these arts. They must not see,
 How far you are trusted with these privacies;
 Though on their Shoulders, Necks, and Heads you rise.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

IT is, me thinks, a morning, full of fate!
 It riseth slowly, as her sullen Carr
 Had all the weights of sleep, and death hung at it!
 She is not rosie-finger'd, but swoln black!
 Her face, is like a water, turn'd to bloud,
 And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
 As if the threatned night, ere noon of day!
 It does not look, as it would have a hail,
 Or health, wish'd in-it, as on other morns.

Cet. VVhy, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: our coming
 Is not for salutation, we have business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave *Cethegus*. VVhere's *Antonius*?

Cet. Is he not come? *Cat.* Not here. *Cet.* Not *Varquimeus*?

Cat. Neither. *Cet.* A fire in their beds, and bosoms,
 That so will serve their sloth, rather than vertue.

They

They are no *Romans*, and at such high need
 As now. *Len.* Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Carinus*,
Fulvius, *Gabinus*, gave me word, last night,
 By *Lucius Bestia*, they would all be here,
 And yearly. *Cet.* Yes, as you, had I not call'd you.
 Come, we all sleep, and are meer Dormice; Flies,
 A little less than dead: more dulness hangs
 On us, than on the Morn. We're Spirit-bound,
 In Ribs of Ice; our whole Blouds are one Stone,
 And Honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
 Though they burn, hot as Fevers, to our States.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy, at an hour
 Of so great purpose. *Cet.* If the Gods had call'd
 Them, to a purpose, they would just have come
 With the same Tortoise speed! that are thus slow:
 To such an action, which the Gods will envy:
 As asking no less means, than all their Powers
 Conjoyn'd, t' effect. I would have seen *Rome* burnt
 By this time, and her Ashes in an Urn;
 The Kingdom of the *Senate* rent asunder,
 And the degenerate talking Gown, run frighted
 Out of the Air of *Italy*. *Cat.* Spirit of Men!
 Thou Heart of our great Enterpise! how much
 I love these Voices in thee! *Cet.* O, the days
 Of *Sylla's* sway, when the free Sword took leave
 To act all that it would! *Cat.* And was familiar
 With the entrails, as our *Augures*? *Cet.* Sons kill'd Fathers,
 Brothers their Brothers. *Cat.* And had price, and praise:
 All hate had licence given it: all rage reigns.

Cet. Slaughter bestrid the Streets, and stretch'd himself
 To seem more huge; whilst to his stained Thighs
 The Gore he drew flow'd up: and carried down
 Whole heaps of Limbs and Bodies through his Arch.
 No Age was spar'd, no Sex. *Cat.* Nay, no Degree.

Cet. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.
 The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a day
 Longer, by Natures bounty, not let stay:
 Virgins, and Widows, Matrons, pregnant Wives,
 All died. *Cat.* 'Twas crime enough, they that had Lives.
 To strike but only those that could do hurt,
 Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number,
 As some the prey. *Cet.* The rugged *Charon* fainted,
 And ask'd a Navy, rather than a Boat,
 To ferry over the sad World that came:
 The Maws and Dens of Beasts, could not receive
 The Bodies, that those Souls were frighted from;

And e'en the Graves were fill'd with them; yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them, with the dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to stand up in *Rome*. *Len.* Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain. *Cat.* How! *Len.* I mean, not clear'd,
And, therefore, not to be reflected on.

Cat. The *Sybill's* leaves uncertain? or the comments
Of our Grave, deep, divining men not clear?

Len. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.

Cat. But this, already, hath confess'd, without:
And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the belief. *Len.* Do you believe it?

Cat. Do I love *Lentulus*? or pray to see it?

Len. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their Science else. *Len.* They count from *Cinna*.

Cat. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;
All that can say the Sun is ris'n, must think it.

Len. Men mark me more, of late, as I come forth!

Cat. Why, what can they do less? *Cinna* and *Sylla*

Are set, and gone: and we must turn our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here! He looks, already,
As if he shook a Scepter o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd Purple dropt their Rods and Axes!
The Statues melt again; and Household-Gods

In groans confess the travel of the City;
The very Walls sweat Blood before the change;
And Stones start out to ruine, ere it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Len. I am your Creature, *Sergius*: And what're
The great *Cornelian* Name shall win to be,

It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybill's* Books,
But *Catiline* that makes it. *Cat.* I am shadow
To honour'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,

Who are the heirs of *Mars*. *Cet.* By *Mars* himself;

Catiline is more my Parent: for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,

Though envy should come too. O, there they are:
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

Antonius, *Varguntejus*, *Longinus*, *Curius*, *Leccia*, *Bestia*,
Fulvius, *Gabinus*, &c. [To them.

Hail *Lucius*, *Catiline*. *Var.* Hail noble *Sergius*.

Lon. Hail *Pub. Lentulus*. *Cur.* Hail the third *Cornelius*.

Lecc. *Cain*, *Cethegus* hail. *Cet.* Hail sloth and words,

In stead of Men and Spirits. *Car.* Nay, dear *Caius*—
Cet. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? Dare they look Day
 In the full face? *Car.* He's 'zealous for the affair,
 And blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.

Cet. Unless we had sold our selves to sleep and ease,
 And would be our slaves slaves— *Car.* Pray you forbear.

Cet. The North is not so stark and cold. *Car.* *Cethegus*—

Bes. We shall redeem all; if your fire will let us.

Car. You are too full of lightning, noble *Caius*.

Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us,

On this part of the House. Go you, and bid

The Priest, he kill the Slave I mark'd last night,

And bring me of his Blood, when I shall call him:

Till then, wait all without. *Var.* How is't; *Antonius*!

Ant. *Longinus*? *Lon.* *Curius*? *Cur.* *Lecca*? *Var.* Feel you nothing?

Lon. A strange, un-wonted horror doth invade me, *{ A darkness*
 I know not what it is! *Lec.* The Day goes back, *{ comes over*
 Or else my Senses! *Cur.* As, at; *Arcus.* Feast! *{ the place.*

Ful. Darkness grows more and more! *Lon.* The *Vestal* flame

[A groan of many people is heard under ground.]
 I think, 'be out. *Gab.* What groan was that. *Cet.* Our phant'ies
 Strike fire out of our selves, and force a Day.

Ant. Again it sounds! *Bes.* As all the City gave it!

Cet. We fear what our selves feign. *Var.* What light is this? *[Another,*

Cur. Look forth. *Lon.* It still grows greater!

Lec. From whence comes it? *{ A fiery light*

Lon. A bloody Arm 'tis, that holds a Pine *{ appears.*
 Lighted, above the *Capitol*! and, now,

It waves unto us! *Car.* Brave and ominous!

Our enterprise is seal'd. *Cet.* In spite of Darkness,

That would discountenance it. Look, no more;

We lose time, and our selves. To what we came for,

Speak, *Lucius*, we attend you. *Car.* Noblest *Romans*,

If you were less, or that your Faith and Vertue

Did not hold good that title, with your Blood,

I should not, now, unprofitably spend

My self in words, or catch at empty hopes,

By airy ways, for solid certainties.

But since in many, and the greatest dangers,

I still have known you no less true, than valiant,

And that I taste, in you, the same affections,

To will, or nill, to think things good, or bad,

Alike with me: (which argues your firm friendship)

I dare the boldier, with you, set on foot,

Or lead, unto this great and goodliest action,

What I have thought of it afore, you all

Have heard apart. I then express'd my Zeal
 Unto the Glory; now, the need enflames me;
 When I fore-think the hard conditions
 Our States must undergo, except in time
 We do redeem our selves to liberty,
 And break the Iron yoke, forg'd for our necks.
 For what less can we call it? when we see
 The Commonwealth engross'd so by a few,
 The Giants of the State, that do, by turns,
 Enjoy her, and defile her! All the Earth,
 Her Kings and *Tetrarchs*, are their Tributaries;
 People, and Nations, pay them hourly Stipends:
 The Riches of the World flows to their Coffers,
 And not to *Romes*. While (but those few)
 However great we are, honest, and valiant,
 Are herded with the vulgar; and so kept,
 As we were only bred to consume Corn,
 Or wear our Wool; to drink the Cities water;
 Ungrac'd, without Authority, or mark;
 Trembling beneath their rods: to whom, (if all
 Were well in *Rome*), we should come forth bright Axes.
 All Places, Honours, Offices, are theirs!
 Or where they will confer 'hem! They leave us
 The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants:
 Which how long will you bear, most valiant Spirits?
 Were we not better to fall once with Vertue,
 Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath,
 To lose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh?
 I call the faith of gods and men to question,
 The power is in our hands; our bodies able;
 Our minds as strong; o'th' contrary, in them
 All things grown aged, with their wealth and years:
 Their wants, but only to begin the business,
 The issue is certain. *Cer. Lon.* On, let us go on.

Cur. Bes. Go on, brave *Sergius*. *Cat.* It doth strike my soul,
 (And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a soul,
 Or, but the smallest air of man within him?)
 To see them swell with treasure; which they pour
 Out i'their riots, eating, drinking, building,
 I, i'the Sea! plaining of Hills with Valleys,
 And raising Valleys above Hills! whilst we
 Have not to give our bodies necessaries.
 They ha' their change of Houses, Mannors, Lordships;
 We scarce a fire, or poor household *Lair*!
 They buy rare *Attick* Statues, *Tyrian* Hangings,
Ephesian Pictures, and *Corinthian* Plate,

Attalick Garments, and now, new-found Gems,
 Since Pompey went for *Asia*, which they purchase
 At price of *Provinces*! The River *Phasis*
 Cannot afford 'hem fowl: nor *Lacrine* Lake
 Oyiters enow: *Circei*, too, is search'd
 To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
 Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
 And set up new; then, if the eccho like not
 In such a room, they pluck down those, build newer,
 Alter them too: and, by all frantick ways,
 Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
 From whom they force it! yet they cannot tame,
 Or overcome their riches! Not by making
 Baths, Orchards, Fish-pools! letting in of Seas
 Here! and then there, forcing 'hem out again,
 With mountainous heaps, for which the Earth hath lost
 Most of her Ribs, as Entrails! being now
 Wounded no less for Marble, than for Gold.
 We all this while, like calm benumb'd Spectators,
 Sit, till our seats do crack; and do not hear
 The thundring ruines: whilst at home, our wants,
 Abroad, our debts do urge us; our states daily
 Bending to bad, our hopes to worse: and, what
 Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake brave friends,
 And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
 Behold, Renown, Riches, and Glory court you.
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
 Me thinks (though I were dumb) th' affair it self
 The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
 With the brave spoil the War brings, should invite you.
 Use me your General, or Souldier: neither
 My mind, nor body shall be wanting to you.
 And, being *Consul*, I do not doubt t' effect
 All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
 And you'd not rather still be Slaves, than free.

Cer. Free, free. *Lon.* 'Tis freedom. *Cur.* Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why, these are noble Voices! Nothing wants then,
 But that we take a solemn Sacrament
 To strengthen our design. *Cer.* And so, to act it.
 Differring hurts, where Powers are so prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into an open act,
 (With favour) twere no loss, if t' might be enquir'd,
 What the condition of these Arms would be?

Var. Is, and the means to carry us through? *Cat.* How, friends!
 Think you, that I would bid you grasp the Wind?
 Or call you to th' embracing of a Cloud?

Put your known Valours on so dear a business, as to quit
 And have no other second, than the danger, and your
 Nor other Gyrlond than the loss? Become you
 Your own assurances. And for the means, I see you
 Consider, first, the stark security: the whole
 The Commonwealth is in now; the whole Senate
 Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow; and of his
 Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest, and
 That might annoy us most, is farthest off, a
 In Asia, under Pompey: those, near hand, I begin
 Commanded by our Friends; one Army in Spain, to
 By Cneus Piso; th'other in Mauritania, to be
 By Nucernus; both, which I have firm, to tell
 And fast unto our plot. My self, then, standing
 Now to be Consul; with my hop'd Colleague, into
 Caius Antonius; one, no less engag'd, than
 By his wants, than we: and, whom I have power to melt,
 And cast in any mould. Beside, some others, who
 That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and great ones)
 Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves
 Strong for our party: A so that no resistance
 In Nature can be thought. For our reward, then,
 First, all our Debts are paid; dangers of Law,
 Actions, Decrees, Judgments against us quitted;
 The rich men, as in Sylla's times, proscrib'd;
 And publication made of all their Goods;
 That House is yours; that Land is his; those Waters,
 Orchards, and Walks, a third's; he has that honour,
 And he that office: such a Province falls
 To Vargunteus: this to Antonius: that
 To bold Cethegus: Rome to Lentulus.
 You share the World, her Magistracies, Priest-hoods,
 Wealth, and Felicity amongst you; Friends; and
 And Catiline your Servant. Would you
 Revenge the contumely stuck upon you, by
 In being remov'd from the Senate? Now,
 Now, is your time. Would Publius
 Strike, for the like disgrace? Now, is his time,
 Would stout Longinus walk the Streets of Rome,
 Facing the Prator? Now, has he a time,
 To spurn, and tread the Fasces into dirt,
 Made of the Usurers, and the Lictors' brains.
 Is there a Beauty here in Rome you love,
 An Enemy you would kill? What Head's not yours,
 Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what race,
 That th' Husband, or glad Parents shall not bring you,

And boasting of the Office? only spare
 Your selves, and you have all the Earth beside;
 A Field, to exercise your longings in.
 I see you rais'd, and read your forward minds
 High, in your faces. Bring the Wine and Blood
 You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How! *Cat.* I have kill'd a Slave,
 And of his Blood caus'd to be mix'd with Wine,
 Fill every man his Bowl. There cannot be
 A fitter drink, to make this *sauction* in.
 Here, I begin the Sacrament to all,
 O, for a clap of Thunder now, as loud
 As to be heard throughout the Universe;
 To tell the World the fact, and to applaud it.
 Be firm, my hand; not shed a drop: but pour
 Fierceness into me, with it, and fell thirst
 Of more and more, till *Rome* be left as blond-less,
 As ever her fears made her, or the Sword.
 And when I leave to wish this to thee, *Step* dame,
 Or stop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
 So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk up
 As is this slaves. *Lon.* And so be mine; *Len.* And mine; *[They drink.]*
Aut. And mine; *Var.* And mine; *Cer.* Swell me my bowl yet fuller.
 Here, I do drink this, as I would do *Cato's*,
 Or the new fellow *Civero's*: with that vow,
 Which *Catiline* hath given. *Cur.* So do I.
Lec. And I. *Bes.* And I. *Enl.* And I. *Gab.* And all of us.
Cat. Why; now's the business safe, and each man strengthened.
 Sirrah, what ail you? *Bag.* Nothing. *Bes.* Somewhat modest.
Cat. Slave, I will strike your Soul out with my foot,
 Let me find you again with such a face:
 You Whelp. — *Bes.* Nay, *Lucius.* *Cat.* Are you coying it,
 When I command you to be free; and general
 To all? *Bes.* You'll be observ'd. *Cat.* Arise; and shew
 But any least aversion i' your look,
 To him that boards you next, and your throat opens.
 Noble Confederates, thus far is perfect.
 Only your suffrages I will expect
 At the Assembly for choosing *Consuls*,
 And all the voices you can make by friends
 To my election. Then, let me work out
 Your fortunes, and mine own. Mean while, all rest
 Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
 Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
 Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
 Clowns to their houses, and the Country sleeps;
 That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break

Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing down
 Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
 With cries, and noise able to wake the urns
 Of those are dead, and make the ashes fear,
 The horrors, that do strike the World; should come
 Loud, and unlook'd for: till they strike, be dumb.

Cet. Oraculous Sergius! Len. God-like Catiline!

Chorus.

C*An nothing great, and at the height,
 Remain so long? but its own weight
 Will ruine it? Or is't blind chance
 That still desires new States t'advance,
 And quit the old? Else, why must Rome
 Be by it self; now, over-come?*

*Hath she not foes inow of those
 Whom she hath made such, and enclose
 Her round about? Or, are thy none,
 Except she first become her own?*

*O wretchedness of greatest States,
 To be obnoxious to these fates:
 That cannot keep what they do gain;
 And what they raise, so ill sustain!
 Rome now is Mistress of the whole
 World, Sea and Land to either Pole;
 And even that fortune will destroy
 The power that made it: she doth joy
 So much in plenty, wealth and ease,
 As now th' excess is her disease.*

*She builds in Gold, and to the Stars,
 As if she threatned Heav'n with Wars:*

*And seeks for Heil in Quarries deep,
 Giving the Fiends that there do keep,*

*A hope of day. Her women wear
 The spoils of Nations in an ear,*

*Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;
 And in their loose Attires do swell*

More light than Sails, when all winds play:

Yet are the men more light than they!

More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,

More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limb'd;

As prostitute: so much, that kind

May seek it self there, and not find.

They eat on Beds of Silk and Gold,

At Ivory Tables, or Wood sold

Dearer than it; and leaving Plate,

To drink in Stone of higher rate.

They hunt all Grounds; and draw all Seas;
Foul every Brook and Bush; to please
Their wanton tastes: and, in request
Have new, and rare things; not the best.

Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd a Romes vertue thence,
Which simple Koverty first made:

And, now, Ambition doth invade
Her State, with eating Avarice,
Riot, and every other Vice,

Decrees are bought, and Laws are sold,
Honours, and Offices for Gold;
The Peoples voices; and the free
Tongues, in the Senate, bribed be.
Such ruine of her Manners Rome
Doth suffer now, as she's become
(Without the Gods, it soon gain-say)
Both her own spoiler, and own prey.

So Asia, art thou crilly even
With us, for all the blows thee given
When we, whose Vertue conquer'd thee,
Thou, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.

Act II.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

Those rooms do smell extremly: Bring my Glafs,
And Table hither, *Galla*. *Gal.* Madam, *Ful.* Look
Within, i' my blew Cabinet; for the Pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it. *Gal.* That from *Clodius*?

Ful. From *Cains* *Cesar*. You are for *Clodius* still.
Or *Curius*. Sirrha, if *Quintus* *Curius* come,
I am not in fit mood; I keep my Chamber:
Give warning so without. *Gal.* Is this it, Madam?

Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine ear. *Gal.* Believe me,
It is a rich one, Madam. *Ful.* I hope so:
It should not be worn there else. Make an end;
And bind my Hair up. *Gal.* As 'twas yesterday?

Ful. No, nor the t'other day: When knew you me
Appear two days together in one dressing?

Gal. Will you ha't i' the globe or spire? *Ful.* How thou wilt;
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good Impertinence:
Thy company, if I slept not very well

A nights, would make me an errant Fool with Questions.

Gal. Alas, Madam— *Ful.* Nay, Gentle half o'the Dialogue, cease.

Gal. I do it indeed, but for your exercise,

As your Physician bids me. *Ful.* How! Do's he bid you

To anger me for exercise? *Gal.* Not to anger you,

But stir your blood a little: There's difference

Between luke-warm, and boyling, Madam. *Ful.* Jov!

She means to cook me, I think: Pray you, ha' done.

Gal. I mean to dress you, Madam. *Ful.* O, my Juno!

Be friend to me! Offring at wit, too? Why, *Galla!*

Where hast thou been? *Gal.* Why, Madam! *Ful.* What hast thou done

With thy poor innocent self? *Gal.* Wherefore? sweet Madam!

Ful. Thus to come forth, so suddainly, a Wit-worm.

Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did dream

Of Lady *Sempronia*—— *Ful.* O, the wonder is out,

That did infect thee? VVell, and how? *Gal.* Me thought

She did discourse the best—— *Ful.* That ever thou heard't?

Gal. Yes. *Ful.* I'thy sleep? Of what was her discourse?

Gal. O'the *Republike*, Madam, and the State,

And how she was in debt, and where she meant

To raise fresh sums: She's a great States-woman!

Ful. Thou dream'st all this? *Gal.* No, but you know she is, Madam,

And both a Mistress of the *Latine* Tongue,

And of the *Greek*. *Ful.* I, but I never dreamt it, *Galla,*

As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.

Gal. Indeed, you mock me, Madam. *Ful.* Indeed, no.

Forth, with your learned Lady. She has a wit, too?

Gal. A very Masculine one. *Ful.* A she-*Critick*, *Galla?*

And can compose in Verse, and make quick Jest,

Modest, or otherwise? *Gal.* Yes, Madam. *Ful.* She can sing, too,

And play on Instruments? *Gal.* Of all kinds, they say.

Ful. And doth dance rarely? *Gal.* Excellent! So well,

As a bald *Senator* made a jest, and said;

'Twas better than an honest *VVoman* need.

Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wise *VVomens* honesties

VVill do their courtship hurt. *Gal.* She's liberal too, Madam.

Ful. *VVhat!* of her Money, or her Honour, pray thee?

Gal. Of both, you know not which she doth spare least.

Ful. A comely commendation. *Gal.* Troth, 'tis pity,

She is in years. *Ful.* *VVhy?* *Gal.* For it is.

Ful. O, is that all? I thought thou had'st had a reason.

Gal. *VVhy,* so I have. She has been a fine Lady,

And, yet, she dresses her self (except you, Madam)

One o'the best in *Rome*: and paints, and hides

Her decays very well. *Ful.* They say, it is.

Rather a *Visor*, than a *Face* she wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, Madam, she do's sleek
 With crumbs of bread and milk, and lies a nights
 In as neat Gloves—— But she is fain of late
 To seek more than she's sought to (the same is)
 And so spends that way. *Ful.* Thou know'st all! But, *Galla,*
 What say you to *Catiline's* Lady, *Orestilla*?
 There is the Gallant! *Gal.* She does well. She has
 Very good Sutes, and very rich: but then
 She cannot put 'hem on. She knows not how
 To wear a Garment. You shall have her all
 Jewels and Gold sometimes, so that her self
 Appears the least part of her self. No in troth,
 As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all down
 With your meer strength of judgment! and do draw too,
 The world of *Rome* to follow you! you attire
 Your self so diversly! and with that spirit!
 Still to the noblest humours! They could make
 Love to your dress, although your face wear away, they say.

Ful. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?
 Say they not so too, *Galla*? Now! What news
 Travails your countenance with? *Ser.* If't please you, Madam,
 The Lady *Sempronia* is lighted at the Gate.

Gal. *Castor*, my dream, my dream. *Ser.* And comes to see you.

Gal. For *Venus* sake, good Madam, see her. *Ful.* Peace;
 The fool is wild, I think. *Gal.* And hear her talk,
 Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

F *Ulvia*, Good Wench, how dost thou? *Ful.* Well, *Sempronia*.
 Whither are you thus early address? *Sem.* To see
Aurclia Orestilla: She sent for me:

I came to call thee with me, wilt thou go?

Ful. I cannot now in troth, I have some Letters
 To write, and send away: *Sem.* Alas, I pity thee.
 I ha' been writing all this night (and am
 So very weary) unto all the *Tribes*

And *Centuries*, for their voices, to help *Catiline*

In his election. VVe shall make him *Consul*,

I hope, amongst us. *Crassus*, I, and *Casar*,

VVill carry it for him. *Ful.* Does he stand for't?

Sem. He's the chief *Candidate*. *Ful.* VVho stands beside?
 (Give me some wine and poulder for my teeth.

Sem. Here's a good pearl in troth! *Ful.* A pretty one.

Sem. A very orient one!) There are *Competitors*,
Caius Antonius; *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that talker *Cicero*.

But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen:
For four o' the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius* will give way.

And *Cicero* they will not choose. *Ful.* No? why?

Sem. It will be cross'd, by the nobility.

Gal. (How she do's understand the common business!)

Sem. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An in-mate, here, in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)
And the *Patricians* should do very ill,
To let the *Consul*-ship be so defil'd,
As 't would be, if he obtain'd it? A meer upstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,
No ensigns of a family? *Ful.* He has vertue.

Sem. Hang vertue, where there is no blood: 'tis vice,
And, in him, fauciness. Why should he presume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Than the nobility? or boast any quality
Worthy a noble man, himself not noble?

Ful. 'Twas vertue onely, at first, made all men noble.

Sem. I yeild you, it might, at first, in *Rome*'s poorage;
When both her Kings, and *Consuls* held the plough,
Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,
To digg, or lose our sweat for't. We have wealth,
Fortune and ease, and then their stock, to spend on,
Of name, for vertue; which will bear us out
'Gainst all new commers: and can never fail us;
While the succession stays. And, must we glorifie,
A mushroom? one of yesterday? a fine speaker?
'Cause he has suck'd at *Athens*? and advance him,
To our own loss? No, *Fulvia*. There are they
Can speak *greek*, too, if need were. *Cesar*, and I,
Have set upon him; so hath *Crassus*, too:
And others. We have all decreed his rest,
For rising farther. *Gal.* Excellent rare Lady!

Ful. *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my woman, here.
She do's admire you. *Sem.* O good *Galla*, how dost thou?

Gal. The better, for your learned Ladyship.

Sem. Is this grey poulder, a good dentifrice?

Ful. You see I use it. *Sem.* I have one is whiter.

Ful. It may be so. *Sem.* Yet this smells well. *Gal.* And clenfes
Very well, Madam, and resists the crudities.

Sem. *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?
Which of our great *Patricians*? *Ful.* Faith, I keep
No catalogue of 'hem: Sometimes I have one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.

Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,

Thy special servant, here? *Ful.* My special servant?

Sem. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *Ful.* He may be yours, if you do like him, *Sem.* How! *Ful.* He comes, not here, I have forbid him, hence. *Sem.* Venus forbid!

Ful. Why? *Sem.* Your so constant lover. *Ful.* So much the I would have change. So would you too, I am sure.

And now you may have him. *Sem.* He's fresh yet, *Fulvia:*

Beware, how you do attempt me. *Ful.* Faith, for me,

He's somewhat too fresh, indeed. The salt is gone,

That gave him season. His good gifts are done.

He do's not yeild the crop that he was wont.

And, for the act, I can have secret fellows,

With backs worth ten of him, and shall please me

(Now that the land is fled) a myriade better.

Sem. And those one may command. *Ful.* 'Tis true: these Lordings,

Your noble *Fauns*, they are so imperious, saucy,

Rude, and as boistrous as *Centuaries*, leaping,

A Lady, at first sight. *Sem.* And must be born

Both with, and out, they think. *Ful.* Tut, I'll observe

None of 'hem all: nor humour 'hem a jot

Longer, than they come laden in the hand,

And say, here's t'one, for th'tother. *Sem.* Do's *Cesar* give well?

Ful. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here.

If they will have it: and that jewels, pearl,

Plate, or round sums, to buy these. I'am not taken

With a cob-swan, or a high-mounting bull;

As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,

But the bright gold, with *Danae*: For such price,

I would endure, a rough, harsh *Jupiter*,

Or ten such thundring gamsters: and refrain

To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much suffering.

Sem. Th'art a most happy wench, that thus canst make

Use of thy youth, and freshness, in the season:

And hast, it to make use of. *Ful.* (Which is the happiness.)

Sem. I am, now, fain to give to them, and keep

Musick, and a continual table, to invite 'hem:

Ful. (Yes, and they study your kitchen, more than you)

Sem. Eat my self out with usury, and my Lord too,

And all my officers, and friends beside,

To procure moneys, for the needful charge

I must be at, to have 'hem: and, yet, scarce

Can I atchieve 'hem, so. *Ful.* Why, that's because

You affect young faces only, and smooth chins,

Sempronia. If you'd love beards, and bristles,

(One with another, as others do) or wrinkles——

Who's that? Look *Galla*, *Gal.* 'Tis the party, Madam.

Ful. What party? Has he no name? *Gal.* 'Tis *Quintus Curius*.

Ful. Did I not bid 'hem, say, I kept my chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do. *Sem.* Ile leave you, *Fulvia*.

Ful. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay. *Sem.* In faith, I will not.

Ful. By *Juno*, I would not see him. *Sem.* I'll not hinder you.

Ful. You know he will not be kept out, Madam. *Sem.* No,

Nor shall not, careful *Galla*, by my means.

Ful. As I do live, *Sempronia*. — *Sem.* What needs this?

Ful. Go, say, I am a sleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By *Castor*, no, I'll tell him you are awake;

And very well. Stay *Galla*; Farewell *Fulvia*:

I know my manners. Why do you labour, thus,

With action, against purpose: *Quintus Curius*,

She is, I faith, here, and in disposition.

Ful. Spight, with your courtesie! How shall I be tortur'd!

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

W Here are you, fair one, that conceal your self,

And keep your your beauty, within locks and bars, here,

Like a fools treasure? *Ful.* True, she was a fool,

When, first, she shew'd it to a thief. *Cur.* How; pretty fullness!

So harsh, and short? *Ful.* The fools artillery; Sir,

Cur. Then, take my gown off, for th' encounter. *Ful.* Stay Sir!

I am not in the mood. *Cur.* I'll put you into't.

Ful. Best put your self, i' your case again, and keep

Your furious appetite warm, against you have place for't.

Cur. What do you coy it? *Ful.* No Sir. I am not proud.

Cur. I would you were. You think, this state becomes you?

By *Hercules*, it do's not. Look i' your glafs, now,

And see, how scurvily that countenance shews;

You would be loth to own it. *Ful.* I shall not chang it.

Cur. Faith, but you must; and slack this bended brow;

And shoot less scorn: there is a fortune coming

Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee; thus,

And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head

Of her own statue, here, in *Rome*. *Ful.* I wonder,

Who let this promiser in: Did you, good diligence?

Give him his bribe, again. Or if you had none,

Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous,

To press, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden,

Both, by my self, and servants? *Cur.* How! This handson!

And somwhat a new strain! *Ful.* 'Tis not strain'd; Sir,

'Tis very natural. *Cur.* I have known it otherwise,

Between the parties, though. *Ful.* For your fore-knowledge,

Thank that, which made it. It will not be so,

Hereafter, I assure you. *Cur.* No, my Mistress!

Ful. No, though you bring the same materials. *Cur.* Hear me,

You over-act when you should under-do.
 A little call your self again, and think.
 If you do this to practise on me, or find
 At what forc'd distance you can hold your servant;
 That it be an artificial trick, to enflame,
 And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,
 As, heretofore, you ha' done: why, proceed.

Ful. As I ha' done heretofore? *Cur.* Yes, when you'd faine
 Your husbands jealousie, your servant watches,
 Speak softly, and run often to the dore,
 Or to the window, from strange fears that were not;
 As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
 That were secure. *Ful.* You are an impudent fellow.

Cur. And, when you might better have done it, at the gate,
 To take him in at the casement. *Ful.* I take you in?

Cur. Yes, you my Lady. And, then, being a-bed with you,
 To have your well taught waiter, here, come running,
 And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cause,
 Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney.

When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm;
 Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept
 Both eyes, and beak seal'd up, for six sesterces:

Ful. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd tongue,
 I your rude mouth, and favouring your self,
 Un-manner'd Lord. *Cur.* How now! *Ful.* It is your title, Sir,
 Who (since you ha' lost your own good name, and know not
 What to lose more) care not; whose honor you wound,
 Or fame you poison with it. You should goe
 And vent your self, i' the region; where you live,
 Among the suburb brothels, bawds, and brokers,
 Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.

Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, and pluck
 The tragick visor off. Come, Lady, *Chyris*.

[*He offers to force her; and she draws her Knife.*]

Know your own vertues; quickly, I'll not be
 Put to the wooing of you thus a-fresh.
 At every turn, for all the *Venus* in you,
 Yeild, and be pliant; or by *Pellux*.
 Will *Lais* turn a *Lucrece*? *Ful.* No, but by *Castor*.
 Hold off your ravisher's hands, I peirce your heart;
 He not be put to kill my self, as he did
 For you, sweet *Tarquinius*. What? do you fall off?
 Nay, it becomes you graciously! But not up.
 You'll sooner draw your sword on me, I think, it should
 Than on the *Senate*; who have cast you forth
 Disgracefully, to be the commonly tale

Of the vvhole City; base infamous man!
 For, vvere you other, you vwould there employ
 Your desperate Dagger. *Cur. Fulvia*, you do know
 The strengths you have upon me: do not use
 Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bear:
 Almost until you break me. *Ful*, I do know Sir,
 So do's the *Senate*, too, know you can bear

Cur. By all the Gods, that *Senate* vwill smart deep
 For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
 To have the means so to be veng'd on you,
 (At least, the vwill) as I shall shortly on them.
 But go you on still, fare you vvell dear Lady:
 You could not still be fair, unless you vwhere proud.
 You vwill repent these moods, and ere't be long, too.
 I shall ha' you come about, again. *Ful.* Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so. *Ful.* By vvhath augury?

Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons chests;
 Gold, pearl, and jewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
 Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd:
 And grieving, mis. *Ful.* Tut, all your promised mountains,
 And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with

Cur. But, when you see the universal flood
 Run by your coffers; that my Lords, the *Senators*,
 Are sold for slaves, their wives for bond-women,
 Their houses, and fine gardens given away,
 And all their goods, under the spear; at out-cry,
 And you have none of this; but are still *Fulvia*,
 Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it:
 You will advise then, Coinefs with your cushion:
 And look o' your fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
 And so, he left you. *Ful.* Call him again, *Galla*:
 This is not vsual! somthing hangs on this

That I must win out of him. *Cur.* How now, melt you?

Ful. Come, you will laugh, now, at my easiness!
 But 'tis no miracle: Doves, they say, will bill,
 After their pecking, and their murmuring. *Cur.* Yes,
 And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
 Angry, sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
 Of her behaviour. *Ful.* You do see; I study
 How I may please you; then! But you think, *Curius*,
 'Tis covertise hath wrought me: if you love me,
 Chang that unkind concept. *Cur.* By my lov'd soul,
 I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
 More than mine own reveng, to make thee happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just reveng, doth make me happy
 To hear you prosecute: and which, indeed,

Hath vvon me to you, more, than all the hope
Of vvhhat can else be promis'd. I love Valour
Better, than any Lady loves her Face,
Or dressing: than my self do's. Let me grow
Still, vvhere I do embrace. But, what good means
Ha' you i' effect it? Shall I know your project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious. *Ful.* As I can be.

Cur. And wilt thou kiss me, then? *Ful.* As close as shells
Of Cockles meet. *Cur.* And print 'hem deep? *Ful.* Quite through
Our subtle lips. *Cur.* And often? *Ful.* I Will sow 'hem
Faster, than you can reap. What is your plot:

Cur. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name!
And is her self! *Ful.* Nay, answer me, your Plot:
I pray thee tell me, *Quintus.* *Cur.* I, these sounds

[She kisses and flatters him along with.]

Become a Mistres, Here is harmony!

When you are harsh, I see, the vway to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
A Lady is a fire: gentle, a light.

Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you? *Cur.* All,
That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
Ile pour into thee. *Ful.* What is your design then?

Cur. Ile tell thee; *Carline* shall now be *Consul*:

But, you will hear more shortly. *Ful.* Nay, my dear love —

Cur. Ile speak it, in thine armes, let us go in.
Rome vwill be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By publique ruine, private spirits must rise.

Chorus.

Great Father Mars, and greater Jove,
By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
So long; and first was built in blood
Of your great Nephew, that then strove
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud, and factious men
Against your wills oppose their mights.
Our Consuls now, are to be made;
O, put it in the publique Voice,
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding such as would invade
The common Wealth. Let whom we name
Have Wisdom, fore-sight, fortitude,
Be more with Faith, than face envid.

And

And study conscience, above Fame.
Such, as not seek to get the start
In state, by power, parts, or bribes;
Ambition's bands: but move the Tribes
By Vertue, Modesty, Desert,
Such as to justice will adhere,
What ever great one it offend:
And from the embraced truth not bend
For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
That, by their deeds, will make it known,
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And Life, State, Glory, all they gain,
Count the republic's, not their own.
Such the old Bruti, Decii were
The Cipi, Curtii, who did give
Themselves for Rome: and would not live,
As men, good, only for a year.
Such were the great Camilli too;
The Fabii, Scipio's; that still thought
No work, at price enough, was bought,
That for their Countrey they could do.
And to her Honour so did knit;
As all their acts were understood:
The sinews of the publick good:
And they themselves, one soul, with it.
These men were truly Magistrates;
These neither practic'd force, nor formes:
Nor did they leave the Helm, in Storms!
And such they are make happy states.

Act III.

Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Crassus, Caesar, Chorus.
Lictors.

Great honors are great burdens: but, on whom
 They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
 His cares must still be double to his joys,
 In any dignity; where if he err
 He finds no pardon: and, for doing well
 A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
 I speak this, *Romans*, knowing what the weight
 Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is.
 Not, that thereby I would with art decline.

The good, or greatness of your benefit ;
 For, I ascribe it to your singular Grace,
 And vow, to owe it to no title else,
 Except the Gods, that *Cicero*'s your *Consul*.
 I have no urns ; no dusty Monuments ;
 No broken Images of Ancestors
 Wanting an Ear, or Nose ; no forged tables
 Of long descents ; to boast false honors from :
 Or be my under-takers to your trust.
 But a new man (as I am stil'd in *Rome*)
 Whom you have dignified ; and more in whom
 Yo' have cut away, and left it ope for vertue
 Hereafter, to that place : which our great men
 Held shut up, with all ramparts, for themselves.
 Nor have but few of them, in time been made :
 Your *Consuls*, so ; new men, before me, none :
 At my first suit, in my just year ; prefer'd
 To all competitors ; and some the noblest ———

Cra. Now the vein swells. *Cas.* Up glory. *Cic.* And to have
 Your loud consents, for your own utter'd voices ;
 Not silent books : nor for the meaner *Tribes*,
 But first, and last, the universal concurrence !
 This is my Joy, my gladness. But my care,
 My industry, and vigilance now must work,
 That still your Councils of me be approv'd ;
 Both ; by your selves and those to whom you have,
 With grudge, prefer'd me : two things I must labour,
 That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
 For every lasp of mine vwill now be call'd
 Your error, if I make such. But my hope is,
 So to bear through, and out, the *Consul-ship*,
 As spite shall ner'e wound you, though it may me.
 And for my self, I have prepar'd this strength,
 To do so vvell ; as, if there happen ill
 Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush :
 And be their crime, not mine, that I am envy'd.

Cas. O confidence ! more new, than is the man !

Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
 The common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
 In which, there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
 That good men fear not, vvicked men expect not.
 I know, beside, some turbulent practises
 Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers : ———

Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none. *Cic.* Last,
 I know 'twas this, vvwhich made the envy ; and pride
 Of the great *Roman* blood bate, and give way

To my election. *Cat. Marcus Tullius*, true ;
Our need made thee our *Consul*, and thy virtue.

Cas. Cato, you will un-do him, with your praise.

Cato. Casar will hurt himself; with his own envy.

Chor. The voice of *Cato* is the voice of *Rome*.

Cato. The voice of *Rome* is the consent of heaven!

And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the helm,
VVhere thou must render, now, thy self a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd ; but he that will
Govern, and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents ; how to shift his sails ;
VVhat she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers ;
Where her springs are, her leaks ; and how to stop 'hem ;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her ;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests ; when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven : then, to manage her,
Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

Cic. Which I'll perform, with all the diligence,
And fortitude I have, not for my year,
But for my life ; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it : if it must,
Your will, lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me, so, for *Rome*,
As it shall spring a life, out of my death,
To shine, for ever glorious in my facts.

The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts.

Chor. Most noble *Consul* ! Let us wait him home.

Cas. Most popular *Consul* he is grown, methinks !

Cra. How the rout cling to him ! *Cas.* And *Cato* leads 'hem !

Cra. You his colleague, *Antonius*, are not look't on.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care. *Cas.* He enjoys rest,
And ease, the while. Let th' others spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoil.

Catu. If all reports be true, yet, *Caius Casar*,
The time hath need of such a watch, and spirit.

Cas. Reports ? Do you believe 'hem *Catulus*,
Why, he do's make, and breed 'hem for the people ;
T'endear his service to 'hem. Do you not taste
An art, that is so common ? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then quell 'hem ;
To make their arts seem something. Would you have
Such an *Herculean* actor in the scene,

And not his *Hydra*? They must sweat no less.
To fit their properties, than t' express their parts.

Cra. Treasons, and guilty men are made in states
Too oft, to dignifie the magistrates.

Catu. Those states be wretched, that are forc'd to buy
Their rulers fame, with their own infamy.

Cra. We therefore, should provide that ours do not.

Cas. That will *Antonius* make his care. *Ant.* I shall.

Cas. And watch the watcher. *Catu.* Here comes *Catiline*.
How do's he brook his late repulse? *Cas.* I know not.

But hardly sure. *Cat.* *Longinus*, too, did stand?

Cas. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.

Catu. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? *Cas.* Yes. He is again
Taken into the *Senate*. *Ant.* And made *Traitor*.

Cat. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the *Consuls*;

Cas. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

Catiline, *Antonius*, *Catulus*, *Casar*, *Crassus*, *Longinus*,
Lentulus.

HAil noblest *Romans*. The most worthy *Consul*,
I congratulate your honor. *Ant.* I could wish
It had been happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people:

Cati. It did not please the Gods; who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, than our selves;
And 'twere impiety, to think against them.

Catu. You bear it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads me,
To find your thoughts so even. *Cati.* I shall still
Study to make them such to *Rome*, and heaven.
(I would withdraw with you, a little, *Julius*.)

Cas. He come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you
To speak to him, fore *Quintus Catulus*.

Cati. I apprehend you.) No, when they shall judg'
Honors convenient for me, I shall have 'hem,
With a full hand: I know it. In mean time,
They are no less part of the common-wealth,
That do obey, than those, that do command:

Catu. O, let me kiss your fore-head, *Lucius*.
How are you wrong'd! *Cati.* By whom? *Catu.* Publike reports
That gives you out, to stomach your repulse;
And brook it deadly. *Cati.* Sir, she brooks not me.
Believe me rather, and your self, now, of me:
It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.

Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it:

Cati. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Catu. Most noble *Sergius*! This your temper melts me.

Cra. Will you do office to the *Consul* *Quintus*?

Caf. Which *Caro*, and the rout have done the other?

Catu. I wait, when he will go. Be still your self.

He wants no state, or honors, that hath vertue.

Cati. Did I appear so tame, as this man thinks me?

Look'd I so poor? So dead? So like that nothing,

Which he calls vertuous? O my breast, break quickly;

And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think

I have betray'd 'hem. (*Lon.* Where's *Gabinus*? *Len.* Gone.)

Lon. And *Vargunteius*? *Len.* Slit away; all shrunk:

Now that he mist the *Consul*-ship.) *Cati.* I am

The scorn of bond-men; who are next to beasts.

What can I worse pronounce my self, that's fitter?

The Owl of *Rome*, whom boys and girls will hout!

That were I set up, for that wooden God,

That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,

Or the least bird from muting on my head.

(*Lon.* 'Tis strange how he should miss it. *Len.* Is't not stranger,

The upstart *Cicero* should carry it so,

By all consents, from men so much his masters?)

Lon. 'Tis true) *Cati.* To what a shadow, I am melted!

(*Lon.* *Antonius* wan it but by some few voices.)

Cati. Struck through, like air, and feel it not. My wounds

Close faster, than they're made. (*Len.* The whole design,

And interprise is lost by't. All hands quit it,

Upon his fail.) *Cati.* I grow mad at my patience.

It is a visor that hath poison'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes. (*Lon.* Here's *Cethegus* yet.)

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

Repulse upon repulse? An in-mate, *Consul*?

That I could reach the axell, where the pins are,

Which bolt this frame, that I might pull 'hem out,

And pluck all into chaos, with my self.

Cet. What, are we wishing now? *Cati.* Yes, my *Cethegus*.

Who would not fall with all the world about him?

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;

And force new nature out, to make another.

These wishings tast of woman, not of *Roman*.

Let us seek other arms. *Cati.* What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish; something, that wishes take not:

So sudden, as the gods should not prevent.

No, scarce have time, to fear. *Cati.* O noble *Cains*!

Cet. It likes me better, that you are not *Consul*.

I would not go through open doors, but break 'hem;

Swim to my ends, through bloud; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on, upon the heads
Of men, struck down; like piles; to reach the lives
Of those remain, and stand: Then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruine makes the way.

Cati. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not,
At all times, shew such as I am; but bend
Unto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of *Jove*; and rivet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frown, and let
His own gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.

Len. Peace, here comes *Cato*. *Cati.* Let him come, and hear.
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;

I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake this giants war, and carry it.

Len. What needs this, *Lucius*? *Lon. Sergius*, be more wary.

Cati. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new *Consul's* spy,
What is your sowre austerity sent t'explore.

Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters, and racks cannot express from thee
More, than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits thee.

Cati. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me? *Cato.* No, the gods;
Who, ever, follow those, they go not with:
And *Senate*; who, with fire, must purge sick *Rome*
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw

The same air with thee. *Cet.* Strike him. *Len.* Hold, good *Caius*.

Cet. Fear'st thou not, *Cato*? *Cato.* Rash *Cethegus*, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou

Do threat, if *Cato* fear'd. *Cati.* The fire you speak of
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
He quench it, not with water, but with ruine.

Cato. You here this, *Romans*. *Cati.* Bear it to the *Consul*.

Cet. I would have sent away his Soul, before him.
You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remis;,
It is for you we labour, and the Kingdom
Promis'd you by the *Sybill's*. *Cati.* Which his *Prator's* ship,
And some small flattery of the *Senate* more,
Will make him to forget. *Len.* You wrong me, *Lucius*.

Lon. He will not need these spurs. *Cet.* The action needs 'hem.
These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.

Len. Let us consult then. *Cet.* Let us, first, take arms.
They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we ask; if once they see our swords.

Cat. Our objects must be fought with wounds, not words.

Cicero Fulvia.

IS there a heaven? and gods? and can it be
 They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
 Hath *Jove* no thunder? Or is *Jove* become
 Stupid as thou art? O near wretched *Rome*,
 When both thy *Senate*, and thy gods do sleep,
 And neither thine, nor thine own states do keep!
 What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
 Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
 His former drifts partake of former times,
 But this last plot was only *Catilines*.
 O, that it were his last. But he, before
 Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
 Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
 And is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
 Unto the soul, and reason, and enforceth
 All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion;
 And offereth violence to natures self.
 But, here, is that transcends it! A black purpose
 To confound nature: and to ruine that,
 Which never age, nor mankind can repair!
 Sit down, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost
 In this your fable: for, to think it true
 Tempteth my reason. It so far exceeds
 All insolent fictions of the tragick scene!
 The common-wealth, yet panting, under-neath
 The stripes, and wounds of a late civil war,
 Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope,
 To seek t'oppress her, with new cruelty,
 And utterly extinguish her long name,
 With so prodigious, and unheard-of fierceness!
 What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
 Mad after change, and desp'rate in their states,
 Wearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
 (For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?
 Would not the the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
 Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our children,
 Without this fact had rise forth greater, for them?
 All, that they did, was piety, to this!
 They, yet, but mured kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
 Ravish'd the virgins, and, perhaps, some matrons;
 They left the City standing, and the temples:
 The gods, and majesty of *Rome* were safe yet!
 These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them,
 (Beyond the other evils) and lay wast
 The far-triumphed world: for, unto whom

Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And, then, to take a horrid sacrament
In human blood, for execution
Of this their dire design; which might be call'd
The height of wickedness: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! *Ful.* I assure your Lordship,
The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
To air, when first I heard it; I was all
A vapor, when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret,
I thought it would have burnt me up. *Cic.* Good *Fulvia*,
Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I have utter'd it. *Cic.* You have discharg'd it, safely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy service,
Turn most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds
Reward themselves. *Ful.* My Lord, I did it not
To any other aim, but for it self.

To no ambition. *Cic.* You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publike weale,
And private friendship: and have shewn it, Lady.
Be still your self. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can win him,
Yet, to the common wealth; he shall be safe, too.

Ful. He undertake, my Lord, he shall be won.

Cic. Pray you, joyn with me, then: and help to work him.

Cicero, Lictor; Fulvia, Curius.

HOW now? Is he come? *Lic.* He's here, my Lord. *Cic.* Go presently,
Pray my colleague *Antonius*, I may speak with him,
About some present business of the state;
And (as you go) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aid me?
Ful. It is my duty. *Cic.* O, my noble Lord!
I have to chide you, if aith, Give me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You look upon this Lady? What! do you guess
My business, yet? Come, if you frown, I thunder:
Therefore, put on your better looks, and thoughts.
There's nought but fair, and good, intended to you;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting, to restore you: as they ha' done.

The stupid, and ungrateful *Lentulus*
 (Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,
 For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,
 A person both of blood and honor, stock't
 In a long race of vertuous ancestors,
 Embark your self for such a hellish action,
 With parricides, and traitors; men turn'd *furies*,
 Out of the wast, and ruine of their fortunes?
 (For 'tis despair, that is the mother of madness)
 Such as want (that, which all conspirators,
 But they, have first) meer colour for their mischief.
 O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
 To extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean;
 Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'hem.
 He acts the third crime, that defends the first.
 Here is a Lady, that hath got the start.
 In piety, of us all; and, for whose vertue,
 I could almost turn lover, again: but that
Terentia would be jealous. What an honor
 Hath she atchieved to her self! What voices,
 Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,
 Through ever street! What windows will be fill'd,
 To shoot eyes at her! What envy, and grief in matrons,
 They are not she! when this her act shall seem
 Worthier a Chariot, than if *Pom. ey* came,
 With *Asia* chain'd! All this is, while she lives.
 But dead, her very name will be a statue!
 Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
 Of all posterity: when brass, and marble,
 I, and the *Capitol* it self is dust!

Ful. Your honor thinks too highly of me. *Cic.* No.
 I cannot think enough. And I would have
 Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow
 The better precedent. She shews you, *Curius*,
 What claim your countrey layes to you: and what duty,
 You owe to it: be not afraid, to break
 With murderers, and traitors, for the saving
 A life, so near and necessary to you,
 As is your countrey's. Think but on her right.
 No child can be too natural to his parent.
 She is our common mother, and doth challeng
 The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it:
 He, that is void of fear, may soon be just.
 And no religion binds men to be traitors.

Ful. My Lord, he understands it: and will follow.
 Your saving counsel: but shame, yet, stayes him.

I know, that he is coming. *Cur.* Do you know it?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you. *Cur.* O you are--- *Ful.* What am I?

Cur. Speak not so loud. *Ful.* I am, what you should be.

Come, do you think, I'd walk in any plot,

Where Madam *Sempronia* should take place of me,

And *Fulvia* come i' the *recre*, or o' the *by*?

That I would be her second; in a business,

Though it might vantage me, all the Sun sees?

It was a silly phant'ic of yours. Apply

Your self to me, and the *Consul*, and be wife;

Follow the fortune I ha' put you into:

You may be something this way, and with safety.

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, Lady.

Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way,
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.

Cic. How hazardous? how certain to all ruine?

Did he, or do, yet, any of them imagine

The gods would sleep, to such a *Stygian* practice,

Against that common-wealth, which they have founded

With so much labour, and like care have kept,

Now near seven hundred years? It is a madness,

Wherewith heaven blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,

That they should think it. Come, my *Curius*,

I see your nature's right; you shall no more

Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,

And trouble this good shame, no farther. Stand

Firm for your countrey; and become a man

Honor'd, and lov'd. It were a noble life,

To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,

What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*

Will heap upon you, certain, for your service?

Let not a desperate action more engage you,

Than safety should: and wicked friendships force

What honesty, and vertue cannot work.

Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend: 'Tis saving counsel.

Cur. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers,

I mean my countrey's: you have form'd me new.

Inspiring me, with what I should be, truly.

And I intreat, my faith may not seem cheaper

For springing out of penitence. *Cic.* Good *Curius*,

It shall be dearer rather, and because

It'd make it such, hear, how I trust you more.

Keep still your former face: and mix again

With these lost spirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem:

For such are Treasons. Find their winding out,

And subtle turnings; watch their snaky ways,

Through

Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkness,
 Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
 In paths ne're trod by men, but wolves, and panthers.
 Learn, beside *Catiline*, *Leñulus*, and those,
 Whose names I have; what new ones they draw in;
 Who else are likely; What those great ones are,
 They do not name; what wayes they mean to take;
 And whither their hopes point: to war, or ruine,
 By some surprize. Explore all their intents,
 And what you find may profit the republique,
 Acquaint me with it, either, by your self,
 Or this your friend, on whom I lay
 The care of urging you. Hee see, that *Rome*
 Shall prove a thankful, and a bounteous mother;
 Be secret, as the night. *Cur.* And constant, Sir;

Cic. I do not doubt it. Though the time cut off
 All vows. The dignity of truth is lost,
 With much protesting, Who is there! This way,
 Left you be seen, and met. And when you come
 Be this your token, to this fellow. Light 'hem.

[*He whispers with him.*]

O *Rome*, in what a sickness art thou fallen!
 How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head
 Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fev'ry!
 No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee;
 Thy *lethargy* is such: or if by chance,
 Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget
 Sooner, than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
 I did un-reverently, to blame the gods,
 Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy self.
 Is it not strange, thou should'st be so diseas'd,
 And so secure? But more, that the first symptoms
 Of such a malady, should not rise out
 From any worthy member, but a base
 And common strumpet; worthless to be nam'd
 A hair, or part of thee? Think, think hereafter,
 What thy needs were, when thou must use such means;
 And lay it to thy breast; haste much the gods
 Upbraird thy foul neglect of them; by making
 So vile a thing, the author of thy safety.
 They could have wrought by nobler wayes: have struck
 Thy foes with forked lightning; or ram'd thunder;
 Thrown hills upon 'hem; in the act; have sent
 Death, like a damp, to all their families;
 Or caus'd their consciences to burst 'hem. But,
 When they will shew thee, what thou art, and make

A scornful difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
 They help thee by such aids, as geese, and harlots.
 How now? What answer? Is he come? *Lic.* Your brother,
 Will streight be here; and your colleague *Antonius*
 Said, coldly, he would follow me. *Cic.* I that
 Troubles me somewhat. and is worth my fear.
 He is a man, 'gainst whom I must provide,
 That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
 He, though he be not of the plot, will like it;
 And wish it should proceed: for, unto men,
 Preft with their wants, all change is ever welcom.
 I must with offices, and patience win him;
 Make him by art, that which he is not born,
 A friend unto the publique; and bestow
 The *Province* on him; which is by the *Senate*
 Decreed to me: that benefit will bind him;
 'Tis well, if some men will do well for price:
 So few are vertuous, when the reward's away.
 Nor must I be unmindful of my private;
 For which I have call'd my brother, and the *tribunes*,
 My kins-folk, and my clients to be near me:
 He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
 Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends:
 Especially, in such an envious state,
 That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
 Than the delinquent; and will rather grieve
 The treason is not acted, than belev

Caesar, Cariline.

THe night grows on; and you are for your meeting:
 Ile therefore end in few. Be resolute,
 And put your enterprise in act: the more
 Actions of depth, and danger are consider'd,
 The less assuredly they are perform'd:
 And thence it hapneth, that the bravest plots
 (Not executed straight) have been discover'd.
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the fear of punishment shall work
 Bove all the thoughts of honor, and revenge.
 You are not, now, to think what's best to do,
 As in beginnings; but, what must be done,
 Being thus entred: and slip no advantage
 That may secure you. Let them call it mischief,
 When it is past, and prosper'd; 'twill be vertue.
 Th'are petty crimes, are punish'd, great rewarded.
 Nor must you think of peril; since attempts,

Begun

Begun with danger, still do end with glory :
 And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom,
 Less ought the care of men, or fame to fright you ;
 For they, that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of victory : how ere it be achiev'd ;
 And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with wants,
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it ?
 Come, there was never any great thing, yet,
 Aspir'd, but by violence, or fraud :
 And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)
 To reach it — *Cat.* Is a good religious fool.

Caf. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
 Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,
 By this : Prepare you wings, as large as sails,
 To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
 A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
 Do's eat a bat : and so must you a *Consul*,
 That watches. What you do, do quickly *Sergius*.
 You shall not stir for me. *Cat.* Excuse me, lights there.

Caf. By no means *Cat.* Stay then All good thoughts to *Cæsar*,
 And like to *Crassus*. *Caf.* Mind but your friends counsels.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca.

O R, I will bear no mind. How now, *Aurelia* ?
 Are your confederates come ? the Ladies ? *Aur.* Yes,
Cat. And is *Sempronius* there ? *Aur.* She is. *Cat.* That's well,
 She has a sulphurous spirit, and will take
 Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle love,
 About the drawing as many of their husband,
 Into the plot, as can : if not, to trid 'hem.
 That'll be the easier practice, unto some,
 Who have been tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite
 Their aids, for money : and their servants help,
 In firing of the city, at that time
 Shall be design'd. Promise 'hem states, and empires,
 And men, for lovers, made of better clay,
 Than ever the old potter *Titan* knew.
 Who's that ? O, *Porcius Lecca* ! are they met ?

Lecc. They are all here. *Cat.* Love, you have your instructions
 Ile trust you with the stuff you have to work on.
 You'll form it ? *Porcius*, fetch the silver eagle
 I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem they will enter.

Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Vargunteus, Longinus, Gabinus, Ceparius, Antonius, &c.

O, Friends, your faces glad me: This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation:

Cet. So it had need, *Cur.* We lose occasion, daily.

Cat. I, and our means, whereof one wounds me most,
That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead, in *Spain*.

Cet. As we are, here. *Lon.* And, as it is thought, by envy
Of *Pompey's* followers. *Len.* He too's coming back,

Now, out of *Asia*. *Cat.* Therefore, what we intend,
We must be-swift it. Take your seats, and hear:

I have, already, sent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* territory; and *Julius*,

To raise force, for us, in *Apulia*;
Manlius at *Fesula*, is (by this time) up,

With the old needy troops, that follow'd *Sylla*;
And all do but expect, when we will give

The blow at home. Behold this silver eagle,
'Twas *Marcius* standard, in the *Cimbrian* war,

Fatal to *Rome*; and, as our augurs tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,

I have kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a god-head, in a chappel built

Of purpose to it. Pledg then all your hands,
To follow it, with vows of death, and ruine,

Struck silently, and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,

The twentieth from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatal too, to *Rome*, by all predictions:

And, in which, honor'd *Lentulus* must rise
A King, if he pursue. *Cet.* If he do not,

He is not worthy the great destiny:
Len. It is too great for me, but what the gods,

And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of. *Cat.* No, nor we envious.

We have enough beside, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece, *Spain*, and *Africa*. *Cat.* I, and *Asia* too,

Now *Pompey* is returning. *Cat.* Noblest *Romances*,
Methinks our looks, are not so quick and high.

As they were wont. *Cur.* No? whose is not? *Cat.* We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no lightning:

Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work. I can accuse

Not any one, but all of slackness. *Cet.* Yes,

And be your self such, while you do it. *Cat.* Ha?

'Tis sharply answer'd, *Cains.* *Get.* Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave these untimely quarrels.

Cur. I would there were more *Romes* than one, to ruin. (natures,

Cet. More *Romes*? More worlds. *Cur.* Nay, then, more gods, and

If they took part. *Len.* When shall the time be first?

Cat. I think the *Saturnals.* *Cet.* 'Twill be too long.

Cat. They are not now far off; 'tis not a month.

Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off,

Now, were the fittest time. *Cat.* We ha' not laid

All things so safe, and ready. *Cet.* While we are laying,

We shall all lye, and grow to earth. Would I

VVere nothing in it, if not now. These things

They should be done; e're thought. *Cat.* Nay, now your reason

Forfakes you, *Cains.* Think, but what commodity

That time will minister; the Cities custome,

Of being, then, in mirth, and feast--- *Len.* Loos'd whole

In pleasure and security--- *Aut.* Each house

Resolv'd in freedom--- *Cur.* Every slave a master---

Lon. And they too no mean aids--- *Cur.* Made from their hope:

Of liberty--- *Len.* Or hate unto their lords.

Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out

More apt, and natural. *Len.* Nay, good *Cethegus,*

VVhy do your passions, now, disturb our hopes?

Cet. VVhy do your hopes delude your certainties?

Cat. You must lend him his way. Think, for the order,

And procefs of it. *Lon.* Yes, *Len.* I like not fire:

'Twill too much wast my City. *Cat.* VVere it embers,

There will be wealth enough, rak't out of them,

To spring a new. It must be fire, or nothing.

Lon. VVhat else should fright, or terrifie 'hem? *Var.* True,

In that confusion, must be the chief slaughter.

Cur. Then we shall kill 'hem bravest. *Cep.* And in heaps.

Aut. Strew sacrifices, *Cur.* Make the earth an altar.

Lon. And *Rome* the fire. *Lec.* 'Twill be a noble night.

Var. And worth all *Sylla's* days. *Cur.* When husbands, wifes,

Grandfires, and nephews, servants, and their lords,

Virgins, and priests; the infant, and the nurse;

Go all to hell, together in a fleet.

Cat. I would have you, *Longinus,* and *Statilius,*

To take the charge o'the firing, which must be,

At a sign given with a trumpet, done

In twelve chief places of the City, at once

The flax, and sulphur, are already laid

In, at *Cethegus* house, So are the weapons.

Gabinus, you, with other force shall stop
The pipes, and conduits : and kill those that come
For water, *Cur.* What shall I do ? *Cat.* All will have
Employment, fear not : Ply the Execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *Cat.* I will be
At hand, with the army, to meet those that scape.
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* house,
To seize his sons alive : for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,
As *Tarquine* did the poppy-heads ; or mowers
A field of thistles ; or else, up, as ploughs
Do barren lands ; and strike together flints,
And clods ; th'ungrateful *Senate*, and the people :
Till no rage, gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leapt her self
Into the scale ; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noise of tempests,
The boyling of *Charybdis*, the seas wileness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought, by your transcendent furies.
It had been done, e're this, had I been *Consul* ;

We had had no stop, no let. *Len.* How find you *Antonius* ?

Cat. The other ha's wonne him, lost : that *Cicero*
Was born to be my opposition,

And stands in all our ways. *Cur.* Remove him first.

Cat. May that, yet, be done sooner ? *Cat.* Would it were done.

Cur. Var. I'll do't. *Cat.* It is my province ; none usurpe it.

Len. What are your means ? *Cat.* Enquire not. He shall dye.
Shall, was too slowly said. He is dying. That

Is, yet, too slow. He is dead. *Cat.* Brave, only *Romane*,
Whose soul might be the worlds soul, were that dying ;
Refuse not, yet, the aids of these your friends.

Len. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.

Cat. And under the pretext of clientele,
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted. *Cat.* What is that to me

Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.

Cat. Safe is your way, then ; take it. Mine's mine own.

Cat. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perswade,
The morning is the fittest time. *Len.* The night

Will turn all into tumult. *Len.* And perhaps

Misse of him too. *Cat.* Intreat, and conjure him,

In all our names — *Len.* By all our vows, and friendships.

Sempronia, Aureli, Fulgia,

[To them.

W Hat ! is our counsel broke up first ? *Aur.* You say,
Women are greatest talkers. *Sem.* We ha' done ;

And

And are now fit for actions. *Lon.* Which is passion.
 There's your best activity, *Lady.* *Sem.* How
 Knows your wise fatness that? *Lon.* Your mothers daughter
 Did teach me, madam. *Cer.* Come *Sempronia*, leave him:
 He is a giber. And our present business
 Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia.*
 Tells me, you have done most masculinely within,
 And plaid the orator. *Sem.* But we must hasten
 To our design as well, and execute:
 Not hang still, in the fever of an accident.

Cat. You say well, *Lady.* *Sem.* I do like our plot
 Exceeding well, 'tis sure; and we shall leave
 Little to fortune, in it. *Cat.* Your banquet stays.
Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?

Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling. *Cur.* In good faith,
 She's very ill, with sitting up. *Sem.* You'd have her
 Laugh, and lye down? *Ful.* No, faith, *Sempronia*,
 I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws
 Toward the morning: *Curius* shall stay with you.
 Madam, I pray you, pardon me, my health
 I must respect. *Ant.* Farewell, good *Fulvia*.

Cur. Make hast & bid him get his guards about him. *Curi. whis-*
 For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius* } *pers this to*
 Have undertain it, should *Cethegus* miss; } *Fulvia.*
 Their reason, that they think his open rashness
 Will suffer easier discovery,
 Than their attempt, so veiled under friendship.
 He bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
 Of *Casars* coming forth, here. *Cat.* My sweet madam,
 Will you be gone? *Ful.* I am, my Lord, in truth,
 In some indisposition. *Cat.* I do wish
 You had all your health, sweet *Lady*: *Lentulus*,
 You'd do her service. *Len.* To her coach, and duty.

Catiline.

W Hat ministers men must, for practice, use!
 The rash, th' ambitious, needy, desperate,
 Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of mankind,
 To whores, and women! still, it must be so,
 Each have their proper place; and, in their rooms,
 They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
 Slaves carry burthens, Butchers are for slaughters,
 Apothecaries, Butlers, Cooks for poisons;
 As these for me: dull, stup'd *Lentulus*,
 My stale, with whom I stalk; the rash *Cethegus*,
 My Executioner; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,

My-Labourers, Pioners, and Incendiaries ;
 With these domestick Traytors, bosom Theeves,
 Whom custome hath call'd wives ; the readiest helps,
 To betray heady husbands ; rob the easie :
 And lend the moneys, on returns of lust.
 Shall *Catiline* not do, now, with these aids,
 So sought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
 Their labour but his profit ? and make *Cesar*
 Repent his ventring counsels, to a spirit,
 So much his Lord in mischief ? when all these,
 Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragons teeth,
 Ruin each other ; and he fall amongst 'hem :
 With *Crassus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears,
 But like, or near a great one. May my brain
 Resolve to water, and my bloud turn phlegme,
 My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
 And that b'inspired, of it self, to rip
 My brest, for my lost entrails ; when I leave
 A soul, that will not serve : and who will, are
 The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
 The cruelty, I mean to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name ;
 Whil'st, after-rages do toil out themselves,
 In thinking for the like, but do it less :
 And, were the power of all the fiends let loose,
 With fate to boot, it should be, still example.
 VVhen, what the *Gaul*, or *Moer* could not effect,
 Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,
 Shall be the work of one, and that my night.

Cicero, Fulvia, Quintus.

I Thank your vigilance. VVhere's my brother, *Quintus* ?
 I Call all my servants up. Tell noble *Cirius*,
 And say it to your self, you are my savers ;
 But that's too little for you, you are *Romes* :
 VVhat could I then, hope less ? O brother ! now,
 The engines I told you of, are working ;
 The matchin'gin's, to move. VVhere are your weapons ?
 Arm all my house-hold presently. And charge
 The porter, he let no man in, till day.
Qui. Not clients, and your friend ? *Cic.* They were those names,
 That come to murder me. Yet send for *Cato*,
 And *Quintus Catulus* ; those I dare trust :
 And *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinium*, the *Prætors*,
 By the back way. *Qui.* Take care, good brother *Marcus*,
 Your fears be not form'd greater than they should ;
 And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.

Cic. 'Tis brothers counsel, and worth thanks. But do
As Intreat you. I provide, not fear;
Was *Cesar* there, say you? *Ful. Curius* says, he met him
Coming from thence. *Cic.* O, so. And, had you a counsel
Of ladies too? VWho was your speaker, Madam?

Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her *Greek* and *figures*;
And, ever and anone, would ask us, if
The witty *Consul* could have mended that?
Or Orator *Cicero* could have said it better?

Cic. She's my gentle enemy. VWould *Cethegus*
Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
Are you, great powers; and th'unbated strengths
Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each step
Tane for the state, and teach me slack no pace
For fear of malice. How now, brother? *Qui. Cato*,

And *Quintus Catulus* were coming to you,
And *Crassus* with 'hem. I have let 'hem in,
By th'garden. *Cic.* VWhat would *Crassus* have? *Qui.* I hear
Some whispering 'bout the gate; and making doubt,
VWhether it be not yet too early, or no?

But I do think, they are your friends, and clients,
Are fearful to disturb you. *Cic.* You will change
To another thought anone. Ha'you giv'n the porter
The charge, I will'd you? *Qui.* Yes. *Cic.* VWithdraw, and hearken.

*Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero,
Cato, Catulus, Crassus.*

THe dore's not open, yet. *Cor.* You were best to knock.

Var. Let them stand close, then: And when we are in,
Rush after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He
Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. VWho's there? *Var.* A friend, or more. *Por.* I may not let
Any man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy reason?

Por. I am commanded so. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
VVe are not discover'd. *Var.* Yes, by revelation,
Pray thee good slave, who has commanded thee?

Por. He that may best, the *Consul*. *Var.* VVe are his friends.

Por. All's one. *Cor.* Best give your name. *Var.* Do'st thou hear,
I have some instant business with the *Consul*. (fellow?)

My name is *Vargunteius*. *Cic.* True, he knows it; { *Cicero speaks*
And for what friendly office you are sent. } *to them from*

Cornelius, too, is there? *Var.* VVe are betrayed. } *above.*

Cic. And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not?

Var. Speak you, he knows my voice. *Cic.* VWhat say you to't?

Cor. You are deceiv'd, sir. *Cic.* No, 'tis you are so;

Poor, mis-led men. Your states are yet worth pity,

If you would hear, and change your savage minds:
 Leave to be mad; forsake your purposes
 Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror:
 The commonwealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply
 Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
 Be not deceiv'd, to think her lenity
 Will be perpetual; or, if men be wanting,
 The gods will be, to such a calling cause.
 Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
 Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble.
 There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot
 Live honestly, would rather perish basely.

Cato. You talk too much to 'hem, *Marcus*, they are lost.
 Go forth and apprehend 'hem. *Catu.* If you prove
 This practice, what should let the commonwealth
 To take due vengeance? *Var.* Let us shift away.
 The darkness hath conceal'd us, yet. We'll say
 Some have abus'd our names. *Cor.* Deny it all.

Cato. *Quintus*, what guards ha' you? Call the *Tribunes* aid,
 And raise the *City*. *Consul*, you are too mild;
 The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy:
 Report it to the *Senate*. Hear: The gods
 Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
 And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.
 As crimes do grow, justice should rouse it self.

*It thunders,
 and lightens
 violently on
 the suddain.*

Chorus.

What is it, heavens, you prepare
 With so much swiftness and so suddain rising?
 There are no sons of earth that dare,
 Again, rebellion? or the gods surprising?
 The world doth shake, and nature's fears,
 Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater.
 Within our minds, than in our ears.

So much *Rome's* faults (now grown her fate) do threat,
 The priests, and people run about,
 Each order, age, and sex amaz'd at other;
 And at the ports, all thronging out,
 As if their safety were to quit their mother:
 Yet find they the same dangers there,
 From which they make such hast to be preserved;
 For guilty states do ever bear
 The plagues about them, which they have deserved.
 And, till those plagues do get above

The.

The mountain of our faults, and there do sit ;
 We see'hem not. Thus, still we love
 The evil we do, until we suffer it.
 But, most, ambition, that near vice
 To vertue, hath the fate of Rome provoked ;
 And made, that now Rome's self no price,
 To free her from the death, wherewith she's yoked.
 That restless ill, that still doth build
 Upon success ; and ends not in aspiring :
 But there begins. And ne'r is fill'd,
 While ought remains that seems but worth desir'ng.
 Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
 To which things far, seem smaller than they are,
 Deems all contentment plac'd on high :
 And thinks there's nothing great, but what is far.
 O, that in time, Rome did not cast
 Her errors up, this fortune to prevent ;
 I have seen her crimes ere they were past :
 And felt her faults, before her punishment.

A& IV.

Allobroges.

{ Divers Se-
 nators pass
 by, quaking
 and trem-
 bling.

CAN these men fear ? who are not only ours,
 But the worlds masters ? Then I see, the gods
 Upbraid our sufferings, or would humble them ;
 By sending these affrights, while we are here :
 That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
 Whose names, we trembled at, beyond the *Alpes*,
 Of all that pass, I do not see a face
 Worthy a man ; that dares look up, and stand
 One thunder out : but downward all, like beasts,
 Running away from every flash is made.
 The falling world could not deserve such baseness
 Are we employ'd here, by our miseries,
 Like superstitious fools (or rather slaves)
 To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
 To a meer clothed *Senate*, whom our folly
 Hath made, and still intends to keep our tyrannes ?
 It is our base petitionary breath
 That blows'hem to this greatness ; which this prick
 Would soon let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
 When they have taken all we have, our goods,

Crop, lands, and houses, they will leave us this.
A weapon, and an arm will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges:

DO; urge thine anger, still: good heaven, and just:
Tell guilty men, what powers are above them.
In such a confidence of wickedness,

'Twas time, they should know something fit to fear.

Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To *Catiline*, and his: But, to just men,
Though heaven would speak, with all his wrath at once:
That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright, and unfeard.

Cic. Why, so we do, good *Cato*. Who be these?

Catu. Ambassadors; from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'hem, by their habits. *All:* I; these men
Seem of another race; let's sue to these.
There's hope of justice, with their fortune.

Cic. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow
What sute you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(Whose patronage your state doth use) but know it,
And, on the *Consul's* word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an answer, worth your patience.

All. We could not hope for more, most worthy *Consul*.

This magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And, by his sweetness, wonne a more regard
Unto his place, than all the boystrous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
The large, unfit authority it wears:
How casie is a noblest spirit discern'd
From harsh, and sulphurous matter; that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!
May we find good, and great men: that know how
To stoop to wants, and meet necessities,
And will not turn from any equal suits.
Such men, they do not succour more the cause,
They undertake, with favour, and success;
Then, by it, their own judgments they do raise,
In turning just mens needs, into their praise.

The Senate.

P*Re.* Room for the *Consuls*, Fathers, take your places,
Here, in the house of *Jupiter*, the *Strayer*,
By edict from the *Consul*, *Marcus Tullius*.
You are met a frequent *Senate*. Hear him speak:

Cic. What may be happy, and auspicious still

To Rome, and hers. Honor'd, and conscript Fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers
 Threatning the state, and you, were yet so hid
 In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
 That are the black contrivers; so, that no
 Beam of the light could pierce 'hem: yet the voice
 Of heav'n, this morning, hath spoke loud enough,
 T' instruct you with a feeling of the horror;
 And wake you from a sleep, as stark, as death,
 I have of late, spoke often in this Senate,
 Touching this argument, but still have wanted
 Either your ears, or faith: so incredible
 Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
 These things for mine own glory, and false greatness,
 As hath been given out. But be it so.
 When they break forth, and shall declare themselves,
 By their too foul effects, then, then, the envy
 Of my just cares will find another name.
 For me, I am but one: and this poor life,
 So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
 They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
 Than I with gladness would lay down, and lose,
 To buy Romes peace, if that would purchase it.
 But when I see, they'd make it but the step
 To more, and greater; unto yours, Romes, all:
 I would with those preserve it, or then fall.

Cas. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer!
 See, how his gorget'peers above his gown;
 To tell the people, in what danger he was.
 It was absurdly done of *Vargunteius*,
 To name himself, before he was got in:

Cra. It matters not, so they deny it all:
 And can but carry the lye constantly.

VWill *Catiline* be here? Cas. I have sent for him.

Cra. And ha' you bid him to be confident?

Cas. To that his own necessity will prompt him.

Cras. Seem to believe nothing at all, that *Cicero*
 Relates us. Cas. It will mad him. Cra. O, and help
 The other party. VWho is that? his Brother?

VWhat new intelligence ha's he brought him now?

Cas. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him.

Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in.

Thank their kind loves. It is a comfort yet;

That all depart not from their Countries cause:

Cas. How now, what means this muster? *Consul Antonius?*

Ant. I do not know, ask my colleague, he'll tell you.

Quintus
 Cicero
 bring in
 the Tri-
 bunes, &
 Guards.

There

There is some reason in state, that I must yield to ;
 And I have promis'd him : Indeed he has bought it,
 With giving me the *Province*. *Cic.* I profess,
 It grieves me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
 To draw these Arms, and Aids for your defence ;
 And more, against a Citizen of *Rome* ;
 Born here amongst you, a *Patrician*,
 A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
 Nor no small vertue, if he had employ'd
 Those excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
 Unto the good, not ruin of the State.
 But, being bred in's *Fathers* needy fortunes,
 Brought up in's *Sisters* prostitution,
 Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entring first
 The Common wealth with murder of the *Gentry* ;
 Since, both by study and custome, conversant
 With all licentiousness ; what could he hop'd
 In such a Field of Riot, but a course
 Extreme pernicious ? Though, I must protest,
 I found his mischiefs, sooner, with mine eyes,
 Than with my thought ; and with these hands of mine,
 Before they touch'd, at my suspicion.

Cas. What are his mischiefs, *Consul* ? you declame
 Against his manners, and corrupt your owne :
 No wise man should, for hate of gultie men,
 Lose his owne innocence. *Cic.* The noble *Cesar*
 Speaks god-like truth. But, when he hears, I can
 Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
 He might be silent : and not cast away
 His sentences in vaine, where they scarce look
 Toward his subject. *Cato.* Here he comes himself.
 If he be worthy any good mans voyce,
 That good man sit down by him : *Cato* will not.

{ *Catiline* sits
down, & *Cato*
rises from him

Catu. If *Cato* leave him, I'll not keep aside.
Cati. What face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,
 Against me, *Fathers* ? Give my modestie
 Leave, to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

Cas. It is reported here, you are the head
 To a strange faction, *Lucius* : *Cic.* I, and will
 Be prov'd against him. *Cati.* Let it be. Why, *Consul*,
 If in the common-wealth, there be two bodies,
 One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head ;
 The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none :
 If I doe give it one, doe I offend ?

Restore your selves unto your temper, *Fathers* ;
 And without perturbation, hear me speak.

Remember who I am, and of what place,
 What petty fellow this is, that opposes;
 One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,
 Still to the bane of the nobilitie :

A boasting, insolent tongue-man. *Caro*. Peace, leud traytor,
 Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man
 And loves his countrey; would thou didst so, too.

Cati. *Caro*, you are too zealous for him. *Caro*, No;
 Thou art too impudent. *Catu*. *Catiline*, be silent.

Cati. Nay then, I easily feare, my just defence
 Will come too late, to so much prejudice.

(*Cas*. Will he sit down?) *Cati*. Yet, let the world forsake me,
 My innocence must not. *Caro*. Thou innocent?

So are the *Furies*. *Cic*. Yes, and *Ate*, too.

Do'st thou not blush, pernicious *Catiline*?

Or, hath the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
 Thy blood, and drawn thy veines, as drie of that,
 As is thy heart of truth, thy brest of vertue?

Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?

Still shall thy furie mock us? To what licence

Dares thy unbridled boldness runne it self?

Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the palace,

The cities watches, with the peoples fears.

The concourse of all good men, this so strong

And fortified seat here of the *Senate*,

The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?

Do'st thou not feel thy counsells all laid open?

And see thy wild conspiracie bound in

With each mans knowledge? which of all this order

Canst thou think ignorant (if they'll but utter

Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst

Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,

Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?

O age, and manners! This the *Consul*, sees,

The *Senate* understands, yet this man lives!

Lives? I, and comes here into counsell with us;

Partakes the Publique cares: and with his eye

Marks, and points out each man of us to slaughter.

And we, good men doe satisfie the state,

If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madness.

There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men

Would, with more sharpe coercion, have restrain'd

A wicked citizen, then the deadliest foe.

We have that law still, *Catiline*, for thee;

An Act as grave, as sharpe: The St'ates not wanting:

Nor the authoritie of this *Senate*; we

We, that are *Consuls*, onely faile our selves.
 This twenty dayes, the edge of that decree
 We have let dull, and rust; kept it shut up,
 As in a sheath, which drawn should take thy head.
 Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
 Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
 I could desire, *Fathers*, to be found
 Still mercifull, to seeme, in these maine perills
 Grasping the state, a man remisse, and slack;
 But then, I should condemne my self of sloth,
 And trecherie. Their campe's in *Italie*,
 Pitch'd in the jawes, here, of *Hetruria*;
 Their numbers daily increasing, and their generall
 Within our walls: nay, in our counsell! plotting
 Hourely some fatall mischief to the publike.
 If, *Catiline*, I should command thee, now,
 Here, to be taken; kill'd; I make just doubt,
 Whether all good men would not think it done
 Rather too late, then any man too cruell.

Caro. Except he were of the same meal, and batch.

Cic. But that, which ought to have been done long since,
 I will, and (for good reason) yet forbear.
 Then will I take thee, when no man is found
 So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self.
 But shall professe, 'tis done of need, and right.
 While there is one, that dares defend thee, live;
 Thou shalt have leave; but so, as now thou liv'st:
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd
 From working-least commotion to the state.
 I have those eyes, and ears, shall still keep guard,
 And spy-all on thee, as they have ever done,
 And thou not feel it. What, then, canst thou hope?
 If neither night can, with her darknesse, hide
 Thy wicked meetings; nor a private house
 Can, in her walls, containe the guiltie-whispers
 Of thy conspiracy: if all break out,
 All be discovered, change thy mind at last.
 And lose thy thoughts of Ruine, flame, and slaughter.
 Remember, how I told, here, to the *Senate*,
 That such a day, thy Lic'tor, *Caius Manlius*,
 Would be in armes. Was I deceived, *Catiline*?
 Or in the fact, or in the time? the hour?
 I told too, in this *Senate*, that thy purpose
 Was, on the fifth (the kalends of *November*)
 T'have slaughter'd this whole order: which my caution
 Made many leave the citie. Canst thou here

Denie, but this thy black design was hindred,
 That very day, by me ? thy self clos'd in
 Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not more
 Against a publique need ? when thou wert heard
 To say, upon the parting of the rest,
 Thou would'st content thee, with the murder of us,
 That did remaine. Had'st thou nor hope, beside,
 By a surprize, by night, to take *Preneſte* ?
 Where when thou can'st, did'st thou not find the place
 Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches ?
 My garrisons fortified it. Thou do'st nothing, *Segius*,
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay not think,
 But I both see, and hear it ; and am with thee,
 By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
 Call but to mind thy last nights businesse. Come,
 Ile vse no circumstance : at *Lecca's* house.
 The shop, and mint of your conspiracie.
 Among your sword-men, where so many associates
 Both of thy mischief, and thy madnesse, met.
 Dar'st thou denie this ? wherefore art thou silent ?
 Speak, and this shall convince thee : Here they are,
 I see 'hem, in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
 O, you immortall gods ! in what clime are we ?
 What region do we live in ? in what ayre ?
 What common-wealth, or state is this we have ?
 Here, here, amongst us, our own number, *Fathers*,
 In this most holy counsell of the world,
 They are, that seek the spoyle of me. of you,
 Of ours, of all : what I can name's too narrow :
 Follow the sun, and find not their ambition.
 These I behold, being *Consul* ; nay, I aske
 Their counsells of the state, as from *Patriots* :
 Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
 I not so much as woun, yet, with my voyce.
 Thou wast, last night, with *Lecca Catiline*,
 Your shares, of *Italie*, you there divided ;
 Appointed who, and whither each should goe ;
 What men should stay behind, in *Rome*, were chosen ;
 Your offices set downe ; the parts mark'd out,
 And places of the citie, for the fire ;
 Thy self (thou affirmd'st) wast ready to depart,
 Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,
 That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, stept forth
 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care ;
 Two under-took this morning, before day,
 To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,

Your convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my servants,
 Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out your clients,
 You sent to visit me; whose names I told
 To some there, of good place, before they came.

Cato. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it.

Cas. He's lost, and gon. His spirits have forsook him.

Cic. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, do'st thou stay?

Goe, where thou mean it. The ports are open; forth.
 The campe abroad wants thee, their chief, too long
 Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the citie.
 Draw drie that noysome, and pernicious sink,
 Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.

Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once,
 To see a wall between us. Do'st thou stop
 To doe that now, commanded; which before,
 Of thine own choice, thou'rt prone to? Goe. The *Consul*.
 Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the citie.

Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid
 Thee that. But aske my counsell, I perswade it.

What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?

Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot,

But feares, and hates thee. What domestick note

Of private filthiness, but is burnt in

Into thy life? What close, and secret shame,

But is grown one, with thy known infamy?

What lust was ever absent from thine eyes?

What leud fact from thy hands? what wickednesse

From thy whole body? where's that youth drawn in

Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,

Before whose rage, thou hast not borne a sword,

And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch?

Thy latter nuptialls I let passe in silence;

Where sins incredible, on sins, were heap't;

Which I not name, lest, in a civill state,

So monstrous facts should either appear to be,

Or not to be reveng'd. Thy fortunes, too,

I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.

I come to that which is more known, more publike,

The life, and safetie of us all, by thee

Threatned, and fought. Stood'st thou not in the field,

When *Lepidus*, and *Tullus* were our *Consuls*,

Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,

To take their lives, and our chief citizens?

When, not thy fear, nor conscience chang'd thy mind,

But the meer fortune of the common-wealth

Withstood thy active malice? Speak but right

How often hast thou made attempt on me?
 How many of thy assaults have I declin'd
 With shifting but my body, (as weel'd say)
 VVrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
 How often hath it faln, or slip't by chance?
 Yet, can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,
 Or with what rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
 That still thou make'st it a necessity,
 To fix it in the body of a *Consul*.
 But let me loose this way, and speak to thee,
 Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
 But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cat. No more then unto *Tantalus*, or *Tiryus*.

Cic. Thou can'st, e're while, into this *Senate*: VVho
 Of such a frequency, so many friends,
 And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?
 VVere not the seats made bare, upon thy entrance?
 Risi' not the consular men? and left their places,
 So soon as thou sat'st down? and fled thy side,
 Like to a plague, or ruine? knowing, how oft
 They had been, by thee, mark'd out for the shambles?
 How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my slaves
 At home fear'd me with half th'affright and horror,
 That, here, thy fellow-citizens do thee,
 I should soon quit my house, and think it need too.

Yet thou dar'st tarry here? Go forth, at last;
 Condemn thy self to flight, and solitude.

Discharge the Commonwealth, of her deep fear.
 Go; into banishment, if thou thou wait'st the word.

VVhy dost thou look? They all consent unto it.

Do'st thou expect th' authority of their voices,

VVhose silent wills condemn thee? VVhile they sit,

They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;

And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.

Prove thou there honest. I'll endure the envy.

But there's no thought thou should'st be ever he,

VVhom either shame should call from filthiness,

Terrour from danger, or discourse from fury.

Go; I intreat thee: yet, why do I so?

VVhen I already know, they're sent afore,

That tarry for thee in *Arms*, and do expect thee

On th' *Aurelian* way. I know the day

Set down, 'twixt thee, and *Mantius*; unto whom

The silver eagle too is sent before?

VVhich I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful,

As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth.

But, may this wife, and sacred *Senate* say,
 What mean'st thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'st
 That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be chief
 Of an intestine war; that he is the author
 Of such a wickedness; the caller out
 Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
 Of so much horreur; prince of such treason;
 Why do'st thou send him forth? why let him scape?
 This is, to give him liberty, and power:
 Rather, thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
 To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
 To these so holy voices, thus I answer,
 If I did think it timely, *Conscript Fathers*,
 To punish him with death, I would not give
 The Fencer use of one short hour, to breath;
 But when there are in this grave order, some,
 Who, with soft censures, still do nurse his hopes;
 Some, that with not believing, have confirm'd
 His designs more, and whose authority
 The weaker, as the worst men, too, have follow'd:
 I would now send him, where they all should see
 Clear, as the light, his heart shine; where no man
 Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
 But should cry out, he saw, toucht, felt, and graspt it,
 Then, when he hath run out himself; led forth
 His desp'rate party with him; blown together
 Aids of all kinds, both shipwrack'd minds and fortunes:
 Not onely the grown evil, that now is sprung,
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded;
 But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs,
 Choaking the Commonwealth, Where should we take,
 Of such a swarm of traytors, onely him.
 Our cares and fears might seem a while reliev'd,
 But the main peril would bide still enclos'd
 Deep, in the veins and bowels of the state.
 As humane bodies, labouring with fevers,
 While they are tost with heat, if they do take
 Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd;
 But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.
 Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
 Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
 Their forces to one head; as I said oft,
 Let 'hem be sever'd from us with a wall;
 Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the *Consul*,
 In his own house; to circle in the *Prator*;
 To girt the Court with weapons; to prepare

Fire, and balls, swords, torches, sulphure, brands :
 In short, let it be writ in each mans forehead
 What thoughts he bears the publick. I here promise,
Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my self,
 That diligence in us *Consuls*, for my honour'd
 Colleague, abroad, and for my self, at home ;
 So great authority in you ; so much
 Vertue, in these, the Gentlemen of *Rome*.
 Whom I could scarce restrain to day, in zeal ;
 From seeking out the parricide, to slaughter ;
 So much consent in all good men, and minds,
 As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
 All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, reveng'd.
 And, with this *omen*, go, pernicious plague,
 Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction
 Of thee, and those, that to the ruine of her,
 Have tane that bloody and black sacrament.
 Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *Stayer*,
 Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt
 (With the same auspice thou didst raise it first)
 Drive from thy alters, and all other temples,
 And buildings of this City ; from our walls ;
 Lives, states, and fortunes of our citicens ;
 This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
 And all th' offence of good men (these known traytors.
 Unto their countrey, thieves of *Italy*,
 John'd in so damn'd a league of mischief) thou
 Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive, and dead,
 Punish for *Rome*, and save her innocent head.

Cati. If an oration, or high language, *Fathers*,
 Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it :
 H'has strove to emulate this mornings thunder,
 With his prodigious rhetorick. But I hope,
 This *Senate* is more grave, then to give credit
 Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
 Of your own order, a *Patrician* ;
 And one, whose ancestors have more deserv'd
 Of *Rome*, than this mans eloquence could utter,
 Turn'd the best way : as still, it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to day,
 Speaking thy ill, then all thy ancestors.
 Did, in their good: and that the State will find,
 Which he hath sav'd. *Cati*. How, he ? were I that enemy,
 That he would make me : I'de not wish the State
 More wretched, then to need his perservation:
 What do you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules* ?

An *Atlas*? A poor petty in-mate! *Cato*. Traitor.

Cati. He save the state? A *Burgess* son of *Arpinum*.
The gods would rather twenty *Romes* should perish,
Then have that contumely stuck upon 'hem.

That he should share with them, in the preserving
A shed, or sign-post. *Cato*. Peace, thou prodigie.

Cati. They would be forc'd themselves, again; and lost
In the first, rude, and indigested heap,
E're such a wretched name; as *Cicero*,
Should sound with theirs. *Cati*. Away, thou impudent head.

Cati. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, *Fathers*; I will go.

But--my fine dainty speaker--*Cic*. What now, *Fury*? (He turns
Wilt thou assault me here? (Chor. Help, aid the Consul.) } suddenly

Cati. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not? who threatned him? (to *Cicero*)
In vain thou do'st conceive, ambitious oratour,
Hope of so brave a death, as by his hand.

(*Cato*. Out of the Court with the pernicious traitor)

Cati. There is no title, that this flattering *Senate*,
Nor honour, the base multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catiline's* anger. (*Cato*. Stop.
Stop that portentous mouth.) *Cati*. Or, when it shall,
I'll look thee dead. *Cato*. Will none restrain the monster?

Catu. Parricide. *Qui*. Butcher, traitor, leave the *Senate*.

Cati. I am gone; to banishment, to please you, *Fathers*.
Thrust head-long forth? *Cato*. Still, do'st thou murmur, monster?

Cati. Since I am thus put out, and made a---*Cic*. What?

Catu. Not guiltier than thou art. *Cati*. I will not burn
Without my funeral pile. *Cato*. What says the fiend?

Cati. I will have matter, timber. *Cato*. Sing out screech-owl.

Cati. It shall be in--*Catu*. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.

Cati. The common fire, rather than mine own.
For fall I will with all, e're fall alone.

Cra. H's lost, there is no hope of him. *Cas*. Unless
He presently take arms, and give a blow;
Before the *Consuls* forces can be levy'd.

Cic. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*, shall be done?

Catu. See, that the commonwealth receive no loss:

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the *Consuls*. (Senate

Cra. 'Tis time. *Cas*. And need. *Cic*. Thanks to this frequent

But what decree they, unto *Curius*,

And *Fulvia*. *Catu*. What the *Consul* shall think meet.

Cic. They must receive reward, though't be not known.
Lest when a State needs ministers, they ha' none.

Cato. Yet *Marcus Tullius* do not I believe,
But *Craffus*, and this *Casar* here ring hollow.

Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove 'hem.

Cato. Why dare we not? What honest act is that,

The *Roman Senate* should not dare, and do?

Cic. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act,

To stir too many serpents up at once.

Caesar, and *Crassus*, if they be ill men,

Are mighty ones; and, we must so provide,

That, while we take one head, from this foul *Hydra*,

There spring not twenty more. *Cato.* I' prove your counsel.

Cic. They shall be watch'd, and look'd to. Till they do

Declare themselves, I will not put 'hem out

By any question. There they stand. I'll make

My self no enemies, nor the State no traytor.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinus,

Longinus, Statilius.

FAlse to our selves? All our designs discover'd

To this State-cat? *Cet.* I, had I had my way,

He' had mew'd in flames, at home, not i'the *Senate*:

I had sing'd his fures, by this time. *Cat.* Well, there's, now,

No time of calling back, or standing still.

Friends, be your selves; keep the same *Roman* hearts,

And ready minds, you'had yesternight. Prepare

To execute, what we resolv'd. And let not

Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.

Ile to the army: (you the while) mature

Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aids,

That you think fit, of men of all conditions,

Or any fortunes, that may help a war.

Ile bleed a life, or win an empire for you.

Within these few days, look to see my ensigs,

Here, at the walls: Be you but firm within.

Mean time, to draw an envy on the *Consul*,

And give a less suspicion of our course,

Let it be given out, here in the city,

That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,

Into *Masilia*, willing to give way

To fortune, and the times; being unable

To stand so great a faction, without troubling

The Commonwealth: whose peace I rather seek,

Than all the glory of contention,

Or the support of mine own innocence.

Farewell the noble *Lentulus, Longinus,*

Curius, the rest; and thou, my better Genius,

The brave *Cethegus*: when we meet again,

We'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge.

That

That we may praise our hands once. *Len.* O, you *Fates*,
Give *Fortune* now her eyes, to see with whom
She goes along, that she may ne're forsake him.

Cur. He needs not her, nor them. Go but on, *Sergius*.

A valiant man is his own fate, and fortune.

Lon. The fate, and fortune of us all go with him.

Gab. Sta. And ever guard him. *Cat.* I am all your creature.

Len. Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already

Dealt, by *Umbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,

Here resiant in *Rome*; whose state, I hear,

Is discontent with the great usuries,

They are oppress'd with: and have made complaints

Divers unto the *Senare*, but all vain.

These men, I've thought (both for their own oppressions,

As also that, by nature they're a people

Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change,

And now in present hatred with our state)

The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn

To our society, and to aid the war.

The rather, for their seat; being next bord'ers

On *Italy*; and that they abound with horse:

Of which one want our camp doth onely labour.

And I have found 'hem coming. They will meet

Soon, at *Sempronius's* house, where I would pray you

All to be present, to confirm 'hem more.

The sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store.

Gab. I will not fail. *Sta.* Nor I. *Cur.* Nor I. *Cet.* Would I

Had somewhat to my self, a part, to do.

I ha' no Genius to these many counsels.

Let me kill all the *Senare*, for my share,

I'll do it at next sitting. *Len.* Worthy *Caius*,

Your presence will add much. *Cet.* I shall mar more.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

THe State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,

For this great care: And those *Allobroges*

Are more then wretched, if they lend a list'ning

To such perswasion. *San.* They, most worthy *Consul*,

As men employ'd here, from a grieved state,

Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,

And being told, there was small hope of ease

To be expected, to their evils, from hence,

Were willing, at the first to give an ear

To any thing, that sounded liberty:

But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,

They're come about, and won, to the true side.

The fortune of the commonwealth hath conquer'd.

Cic. What is that same *Umbrenus*, was the agent?

San. One that hath had negotiation

In *Gallia* oft, and known unto their state.

Cic. Are th'embassadors come with you? *San.* Yes.

Cic. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firm and honest.

Never had men the means to deserve

Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wish'd occasion,

And thrust into my hands, for the discovery,

And manifest conviction of these traytors.

Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*, My worthy lords,

Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcome.

I understand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

Your careful patron here, you have been lately

Sollicited against the commonwealth,

By one *Umbrenus* (take a feat I pray you)

From *Publius Lentulus*, to be associates

In their intended war. I cloud advise,

That men, whose fortunes are yet flourishing,

And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cause,

Become her enemies; and mix themselves

And their estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,

Or *Lentulus*, whose meer despair doth arm 'hem:

That were to hazard certainties, for air,

And undergo all danger, for a voice.

Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid

VVith half the easiness, that they are rais'd.

All may begin a war, but few can end it.

The *Senate* have decreed, that my colleague

Shall lead their army, against *Catiline*;

And have declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traytors,

Metellus Celer hath already given

Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promis'd

To all, will quit them; and rewards propos'd

Even to slaves, that can detect their courtes.

Here, in the city, I have by the *Prators*,

And *Tribunes*, placed my guards, and watches so,

That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,

But I have knowledge. And be sure, the *Senate*,

And people of *Rome*, of their accustomed greatness,

VVill sharply, and severely vindicate,

Not onely any fact, but any practice,

Or purpose, against the state. Therefore, my lords,

Consult of your own ways, and think which hand

Is best to take. You, now, are present suiters

For some redrefs of wrongs; I'll undertake

The Allobroges
Enter.

Not onely that shall be assur'd you: but
 What grace, or priviledge else, *Senate*, or people,
 Can call upon you, worthy such a service,
 As you have now the way, and means, to do 'hem,
 If but your wills consent with my designs.

All. We covet nothing more; most worthy *Consul*.
 And how so e're we have been tempted lately,
 To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
 We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
 Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
 A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
 As is the *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
 For hopes, that do precipitate themselves.

Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this, then:
 (When shall you speak with *Lentulus*, and the rest?)

All. We are to meet anon, at *Brutus* house.

Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome*.

Sam. O but his wife *Sempronia*. *Cic.* You instruct me,
 She is a chief.) Well, fail not you to meet 'hem,
 And to express the best affection
 You can put on, to all that they intend.
 Like it, applaud it; give the commonwealth,
 And *Senate* lost to 'hem. Promise any aids
 By arms, or counsel. What they can desire,
 I would have you prevent. Onely, say this,
 You have had dispatch, in private, by the *Consul*.
 Of your affairs, and for the many fears
 The state's now in, you are will'd by him, this evening,
 To depart *Rome*: which you, by all sought meanes,
 Will do, of reason to decline suspicion.
 Now for the more authority of the business,
 They have trusted to you, and to give it credit
 With your own state at home, you would desire
 Their letters to your *Senate*, and your people,
 Which shown, you durst engage both life, and honor.
 The rest should every way answer their hopes:
 Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
 And, as you give me notice, at what port
 You will go out, 'till he you intercepted,
 And all the letters taken with you: So
 As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
 And they convicted of their manifest treason.
 All deeds are well turned back, upon their authors:
 And 'gainst an injurer, the revenge is just.
 This must be done, now. *All.* Cheerfully, and firmly.
 We are they, would rather ha't to undertake it,

Then stay to say so. *Cic.* With that confidence, go:
 Make your selves happy, while you make *Rome* so.
 By *Sanga*, let me have notice from you. *All.* Yes.
Sempronius, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinus, Strati-
us, Longinus, Volturrinus, Allobroges.

When come these creatures, the Ambassadors?
 I would fain see 'hem. Are they any schollers?

Len. I think not, madam. *Sem.* Ha they no greek? *Len.* No surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here, waiting on 'hem then?

If they be nothing but meer states-men. *Len.* Yes.

Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,

And their reservedness, their many cautions,

Fitting their persons. *Sem.* I do wonder much,

That states and commonwealths employ not women,

To be Ambassadors, sometimes we should

Do as good publick service, and could make

As honourable spies (for so *Thucydides*

Calls all Ambassadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?

Cet. Do you ask me? Am I your scout, or bawd?

Len. O *Caius*, it is no such business. *Cet.* No?

What do's a woman at it then? *Sem.* Good sir,

There are of us can be as exquisite traytors,

As e're a male-conspiratour of you all.

Cet. I, at smock-treason, matron, I believe you,

And if I were your husband; but when I

Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other

Let me there die a flie, and feast you, spider.

Len. You are too sowe, and harsh *Cethegus.* *Cet.* You

Are kind, and courtly. I'de be torn in pieces,

With wild *Hippolytus*, nay prove the death,

Every limb over, e're I'de trust a woman,

With wind, could I retain it. *Sem.* Sir, they'l be trusted

With as good secrets, yet, as you have any

And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceal'd

As you shall for your heart. *Cet.* I'lle not contend with you

Either in tongue, or carriage, good *Calippo*.

Lon. Th'ambassadors are come. *Cet.* Thanks to thee *Mercury*,

That so hast rescu'd me. *Len.* How now, *Volturrinus*?

Vol. They do desire some speech with you, in private.

Len. O! 'tis about the prophetic, belike;

And promise of the *Sybills.* *Gab.* It may be.

Sem. Shun they, to treat with me, too. *Gab.* No, good lady

You may partake: I have told 'hem, who you are.

Sem. I should be loath to be left out, and here too.

Cet. Can these, or such, be any aids, to us?

Look they, as they were built to shake the world,

Or be a moment, to our enterprize?
 A thousand, such as they are could not make
 One atome of our souls. They should be men
 Worth heavens fear, that looking up, but thus,
 Would make *Jove* stand upon his guard, and draw
 Himself within his thunder; which, amaz'd,
 He should discharge in vain, and they unhurt.
 Or, if they were, like *Capetus*, at *Thebes*;
 They should hang dead, upon the highest spires,
 And ask the second bolt to be thrown down.
 Why *Lentulus*, talk you so long? This time
 Had been enough, t'have scatter'd all the stars,
 T'have quenched the sun, and moon, and made the world
 Despair of day, or any light, but ours.

Len. How do you like this spirit? In such men,
 Mankind doth live. They are such souls, as these,
 That move the world. *Sem.* I, though he bear me hard,
 I, yet, must do him right. He is a spirit
 Of the right *Martian* breed. *All.* He is a *Mars*.
 Would we had time to live here, and admire him.

Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the *Consul*.
 And I commend your care: It was but reason,
 To ask our letters, and we had prepar'd them.
 Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal 'hem.
 You shall have letters too, to *Catiline*
 To visit him i'th' way, and to confirm
 The association. This our friend, *Volturtius*,
 Shall go along with you. Tell our great Generall,
 That we are ready here; that *Lucius Bestia*
 The *Tribune*, is provided of a speech,
 To lay the envy of the war on *Cicero*;
 That all but long for his approach, and person:
 And then, you are made free-men, as our selves.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pominius, Sanga.

I Cannot fear the war, but to succeed well,
 Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
 Of him that doth command. For my colleague,
 Being so ill affected with the gout,
 Will not be able to be there in person;
 And then *Petreius*, his lieutenant, must
 Of need take charge o' the army: who is much
 The better souldier, having been a *Tribune*,
Prefect, *Lieutenant*, *Prætor* into the war
 These thirty years, so conversant i' the army,
 As he knows all the souldiers, by their names.

Fla. They'l fight then, bravely, with him. *Pom.* I, and he

Will lead 'hem on as bravely: *Cic.* They have a footing: *Ant.*
 Will ask their braveries, whose necessities: *Ant.*
 Will arm him like a fury: But, how ever, *Ant.*
 I'll trust it to the manage, and the fortune: *Ant.*
 Of good *Petrcius*, who's a worthy patriot:
Mecellus Geler, with three legions, too,
 Will stop their course, for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?

San. The train hath taken. You must instantly
 Dispose your guards upon the *Milvian* bridge:
 For, by that way, they mean to come. *Cic.* Then thither
Pompinus, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
 To lead that force you have, and seize them all:
 Let not a person scape. Th' Ambassadors
 Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
 I'll send you aid. I, in mean time will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinus*, and *Cethegus*,
Staiilius, *Ceparius*; and all these,
 By sev'ral messengers: who no doubt will come,
 Without sence, or suspision. Prodigious men
 Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'hem,
 I'll place those guards, upon 'hem, that they start not.

San. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*? *Cic.* A states anger
 Should not take knowledge either of fools, or women.
 I do not know, whether my joy or care
 Ought to be greater; that I have discover'd
 So foul a treason: or must undergo
 The envy of so many great mens fate:
 But, happen what there can, I will be just,
 My fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:
 That shall go with me, and before me, still,
 And glad me, doing well, though I hear ill.

Prators, Allobroges, Volturcius.

F *La.* Stand, who goes there? *All.* We are th' *Allobroges*:
 And friends of *Rome*. *Pom.* If you be so, then yield
 Your selves unto the *Prators*, who in name
 Of the whole *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
 Yet, till you clear your selves, charge you of practice
 Against the State. *Vol.* Die friends, and be not taken.

Fla. VVhat voice is that? Down with 'hem all. *All.* VVe yield:

Pom. VVhat's he stands out? Kill him there. *Vol.* Hold, hold, hold.

I yield upon conditions. *Fla.* VVe give none
 To traytors, strike him down: *Vol.* My name's *Volturcius*.
 I know *Pompinus*. *Pom.* But he knows not you.

VVhile you stand out upon these trayterous terms:

Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my life.

Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol. Promise to do your best. I am not so guilty, as I have been
 As many others, I can name; and will: *Pom.* All we can do
 If you will grant me favour, is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,
 And thank the gods, that thus have saved Rome.

Chorus.

NOW do our ears, before our eyes,
 Like men in mists, discover, who'd the State surprize.

And who resists?

And as these clouds do yield to light,

Now, do we see,

Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,

Which seem'd t'agree?

Of what strange pieces are we made,

Who nothing know;

But, as new ayres our ears invade,

Still censure so?

That now do hope, and now do fear,

And now envy;

And then do hate, and then love dear,

But know not why:

Or, if we do, it is so late,

As our best mood,

Though true, is then thought out of date,

And empty of good;

How have we chang'd, and come about

In every doom,

Since wicked Catiline went out,

And quitted Rome?

One while, we thought him innocent;

And, then, we accus'd

The Consul, for his malice spent;

And power abus'd.

Since, that we hear, he is in arms,

We think not so:

Yet charge the Consul, with our barons,

That let him go.

So on the vensure of the State,

We still do wander;

And make the careful magistrate

The mark of slander.

What age is this, where honest men

Plac'd at the helm,

A sea of some foul mouth, or pen,
 Shall overwhelm?
 And call their diligence, deceits;
 Their vertue, vice;
 Their Watchfulness, but lying in wait;
 And bloud, the price.
 O let us pluck this evil seed
 Out of our spirits;
 And give to every noble deed,
 The name it merits.
 Lest we seem faln (if this endures)
 Into those times,
 To love disease: and brook the cures
 Worse, then the crimes.

A& V.

Petreius.

(The army.)

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,
 This day, to lead you on; the worthy *Consul*
 Kept from the honour of it; by disease:
 And I am proud to have so brave a cause
 To exercise your arms in: We not, now,
 Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
 Th' extent; and bounds o'th' people of *Rome* shall be;
 But to retain what our great ancestors,
 With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
 For us were purchasing so many years.
 The quarrel is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
 Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
 For which, the army of the people of *Rome*
 Was wont to move: but for your own republicque,
 For the rais'd temples of th' immortal gods,
 For the dear souls of your lov'd wives, and children,
 Your parents tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
 And, briefly, for the safety of the world:
 Against such men, as onely by their crimes
 Are known; thrust out by ryot, want, or rashness.
 One sort, *Sylla's* old troops, left here in *Fesula*,
 Who suddenly made rich, in those dire times,
 Are since, by their unbounded vaste expence,
 Grown needy, and poor: and have but left t' expect,
 From *Catiline*, new bills, and new proscriptions.

These

These men (they say) are valiant, yet, I think 'hem
 Not worth your pause: For either their old vertue
 Is, in their sloth, and pleasures lost; or, if
 It tarry with 'hem, so ill match to yours,
 As they are short in number, or in cause.
 The second sort are of those (city-beasts,
 Rather then citizens) who whilst they reach
 After our fortunes, have let flie their own;
 These, whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats, and weakned
 With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
 Of *Catiline*, in *Rome*; nor, here, are loos'd
 From his embraces: such as (trust me) never
 In riding, or in using well their arms,
 Watching, or other military labour,
 Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to love,
 Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamesters:
 And these will wish more hurt to you, then they bring you.
 The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
 Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-laws, thieves,
 The murderers of their parents, all the sink,
 And plague of *Italy*. met in one torrent,
 To take, to day, from us the punishment,
 Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
 And who, in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
 VVould not now wish himself all arm, and weapon?
 To cut such poysons from the earth, and let
 Their blood out, to be drawn away in clouds,
 And pour'd, on some inhabitable place,
 VVhere the hot sun, and slime breeds nought but monsters?
 Chiefly, when this sure joy shall crown our side,
 That the least man, that falls upon our party
 This day (as some must give their happy names
 To fate, and that eternal memory
 Of the best death, writ with it, for their countrey)
 Shall wake at pleasure, in the tents of rest;
 And see far off, beneath him, all their host
 Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,
 VValking a wretched, and less ghost, then he.
 I'll urge no more: move forward, with your eagles,
 And trust the *Senates*, and *Romes* cause to heaven.

Arm. To thee, great father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

Cesar, *Crassus*.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*
 When *Catiline* was gone. *Cra.* I gave 'hem lost,
 Many days since. *Ces.* But wherefore did you bear
 Their letter to the *Consuls*, that they sent you,

To warn you from the city? *Cra.* Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could assure me: if they meant,
I should be safe, among so many, they might
Have come, as well as writ. *Cas.* There is no loss
In being secure. I have, of late, too, ply'd him
Thick, with intelligences, but they have been
Of things he knew before. *Cra.* A little serves
To keep a man upright, on these state-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous.
Let us now take the standing part. *Cas.* We must,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato.* Yet
I would fain help these wretched men. *Cra.* You cannot.
Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves?

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother *Quintus.*
There's no mans private enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proof gainst *Caesar*, or who ever,
To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,
Shall know, the *Consul* will not, for their grudge,
Have any man accus'd, or named falsely.
Qui. Not falsely: but if any circumstance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturnus*,
Would carry it. *Cic.* That shall not be sought by me.
If it reveal it self, I would not spare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

Cato. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more, then great)

Thou had'st thy education, with the gods.
Cic. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.
This office, I am sorry, Sir, to do you.

The Senate.

What may be happy still, and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Please you, *Fathers*,
To break these letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I fear,
I, yet, entreat, at such a time as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons hither, from *Cethegus* house?

Fra. They are without. *Cic.* Be ready, with *Volturnus*,
To bring him, when the *Senate* calls; and see
None of the rest confer together. *Fathers*,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your fear, what you find practis'd there?

Cas. It hath a face of horror! *Cra.* I' am amaz'd!

Cato. Look there. *Syl.* Gods! Can such men draw common air?

Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief, *Fathers,*
Hath often made my faith small, in this *Senate,*
Yet, since my casting *Catiline* out (for now
I do not fear the envy of the world,
Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when those I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have spent both days,
And nights, in watching, what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so staid, against my thought:
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,
Where, when you met their treason, with your eyes,
Your minds, at length, would think for your own safety.
And now, 'tis done. There are their hands and seals,
Their persons, too, are safe, thanks to the gods.
Bring in *Volturcius* and th' *Allobroges.*
These be the men, were trusted with their letters.

Vol. *Fathers,* believe me, I knew nothing: I
Was travelling for *Gallia,* and am sorry----

Cic. Quake not, *Volturcius,* speak the truth, and hope
Well of this *Senate,* on the *Consuls* word,

Vol. Then, I knew all. But truly I was drawn in
But th' other day. *Cas.* Say, what thou know'st, and fear not
Thou hast the *Senates* faith, and *Consuls* word,
To fortifie thee. *Vol.* I was sent with letters---
And had a message too---from *Lentulus*---
To *Catiline*---that he should use all aids---
Servants, or others---and come with his army,
As soon, unto the city as he could---
For they were ready, and but staid for him---
To intercept those, that should flee the fire---
These men like (the *Allobroges*) did hear it too.

{ *He answers
with fear &
interruptions.*

All. Yes, *Fathers,* and they took an oath, to us.
Besides their letters that we should be free;
And urg'd us; for some present aid of horse.

Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, *Fathers,*
Cethegus armoury. *Cra.* What, not all these?

Cic. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the *Fencer,*
That we may know the arms to all these weapons. { *The weapons
and arms are
brought forth.*
Come, my brave sword-player, to what active use,
Was all this steel provided? *Cet.* Had you ask'd,
In *Sylla's* days, it had been to cut throats;
But now, it was to look on, onely: I lov'd
To see good blades, and feel their edge, and points.
To put a helm upon a block, and cleave it,

And

And, now and then, to stab an armour through.

Cic. Know you that paper? That will stab you through.

Is it your hand? Hold, save the peices. Traytor.

Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? *Cet.* I did write,

I know not what; nor care not: That fool *Lentulus*

Did dictate, and I th' other fool, did sign it.

Cic. Bring in *Statilius*: Do's he know his hand too?

And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. *Sta.* I

Confess it all. *Cic.* Know you that seal, yet; *Publius*?

Len. Yes, it is mine. *Cic.* Whose image is that, on it?

Len. My grandfathers. *Cic.* What, that renown'd good man,

That did so only embrace his countrey, and lov'd

His fellow-citizens! Was not his picture,

Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,

So foul---*Len.* As what, impetuous *Cicero*?

Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.

Look upon these. Do not these faces argue

Thy guilt, and impudence? *Len.* What are these to me?

I know 'hem not. *All.* No *Publius*? we were with you,

At *Brunus* house. *Vol.* Last night. *Len.* What did you there?

Who sent for you? *All.* Your self did. We had letters

From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,

Gabinus Cim er, all, but from *Longinus*,

Who would not write, because he was to come

Shortly, in person, after us (he said)

To take the charge o'the horse, which we should levy.

Cic. And he is fled, to *Catiline*, I hear.

Len. Spies? spies? *All.* You told us too, o'the *Sybill's* books,

And how you were to be a King, this year,

The twentyeth, from the burning of the *Capitall*.

That three *Corneli* were to reign, in *Rome*,

Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*,

And the great spirits, were with you in the action.

Cet. These are your honourable embassadours.

My sovereign Lord *Cet.* Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*:

All. Besides *Gabinus* your agent, nam'd

Antonius, *Servius Sulla*. *Vargunteius*.

And divers others. *Vol.* I had letters from you,

To *Catiline*, and a message, which I have told

Unto the *Senate*, truly, word for word:

For which, I hope they will be gracious to me.

I was drawn in by that same wicked *Timber*,

And thought no hurt at all. *Cic.* *Volturrius*, peace.

Where is thy visor, or thy voice, now, *Lentulus*?

Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?

Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,

That both thy eloquence, and impudence,

And thy ill nature, too, have left thee, at once?
 Take him aside: There's yet one more, *Cabinus*,
 The engineer of all: Shew him that paper,
 If he do know it? *Gab.* I know nothing. *Cic.* No?

Gab. No. Neither will I know. *Cat.* Impudent head!
 Stick it into his throat; were I the *Consul*,
 I'd make thee eat the mischief, thou hast vented.

Gab. Is there a law for't, *Cato*? *Cat.* Do'st thou ask
 After a law, that woudest have broke all laws,
 Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?

Gab. Yes, I may ask for't. *Cat.* No, pernicious *Cimber*!
 Th' enquiring after good, does not belong
 Unto a wicked person. *Gab.* I but *Cato*
 Does nothing, but by law. *Cra.* Take him aside:
 There's proof enough, though he confess not. *Gab.* Stay,
 I will confess All's true, your spies have told you.

Make much of 'hem. *Cer.* Yes, and reward 'hem well,
 For fear you get no more such. See, they do not
 Die in a ditch, and stink, now you ha' done with 'hem,
 Or beg, o' the bridges, here in *Rome*, whose arches
 Their active industry hath saved. *Cic.* See, *Fathers*,
 What minds and spirits these are, that being convicted
 Of such a treason, and by such croud

Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness?
 What would their rage have done if they had conquer'd?
 I thought when I had thrust out *Carilina*,
 Neither the State, nor I, should need t' have fear'd
Lentulus sleep here, or *Longinus* fat,
 Or this *Cethegus* rashness; it was he
 I onely watch'd, while he was in our walls,
 As one, that had the brain, the hand, the heart.

But now, we find the contrary! Where was there
 A people griev'd, or a state discontent,
 Able to make, or help a war gainst *Rome*,
 But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found?
 Whom had not the just gods been pleas'd to make
 More friends unto our safety than their own,
 As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers,
 Where had we been? or where the commonwealth?

When their great Chief had been call'd home? this man,
 Their absolute king (whose noble grandfather,
 Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious *Gracchus*,
 Took a brave wound, for dear defence of that
 Which he would spoil) had gather'd all his aids
 Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughter-men?
 Given us up for murder, to *Cethegus*?

Th' other rank of citizens, to *Gabinus*;
 The city, to be fir'd by *Cassius*;
 And *Italy*, nay the world, to be laid waste
 By cursed *Catiline*, and his complices?
 Lay but the thought of it, before you, *Fathers*,
 Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
 The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
 Suddenly falling in one flame. Imagine,
 You view'd your cuntry buried with the heaps
 Of slaughter'd citizens, that had no grave:
 This *Lentulus* here, reigning, (as he dream't)
 And those his purple *Senate*; *Catiline* comes
 VVith his fierce army; and the cries of matrons,
 The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
 Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans
 On every side t'invade your sense; until
 The blood of *Rome*, were mixed with her ashes!
 This was the spectacle these fiends intended
 To please their malice. *Cet. I.* and it would
 Have been a brave one, *Consul*. But your part
 Had not been then so long, as now it is:
 I should have quite defeated your oration;
 And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours,
 I'the first *Scene*. *Cat.* Insolent monster! *Cic. Fathers,*
 Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed
 Unto some safe, but a free custody,
 Until the *Senate* can determine farther?

Sen. It pleaseth well. *Cic.* Then, *Marcus Crassus*,
 Take your charge of *Gabinus*: send him home
 Unto your house. You *Cesar* of *Statilius*.

Cethegus shall be sent to *Cornificius*,
 And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
 Who now is *Aedile*. *Cat.* It were best, the *Prators*
 Carried 'hem to their houses, and delivered 'hem.

Cic. Let it be so. Take 'hem from hence. *Cas.* But, first,
 Let *Lentulus* put off his *Prator*-ship.

Len. I do resign it hereunto the *Senate*.

Cas. So now, there's no offence done to religion;

Cat. *Cesar*, 'twas piously, and timely urg'd.

Cic. What do you decree to the *Allobroges*?

That were the lights to this discovery?

Cra. A free grant, from the state, of all their suits.

Cas. And a reward; out of the publick treasure.

Cat. I. and the title of honest men, to crown 'hem.

Cic. What to *Volturtins*? *Cas.* Life, and favour's well.

Kol. I ask no more. *Cat.* Yes, yes, some money, thou need'it it.

It will keep thee honest: want made thee a knave.

Syl. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the *Prætors*,
Have publick thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good service. *Cra.* They deserve it all.

Car. But what do we decree unto the *Consul*,
Whose vertue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom,
Hath free'd the Commonwealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescu'd us all our of the jaws of fate?

Cra. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Caf. Our wives, our children, parents, and our gods.

Syl. We all are saved, by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civick garland.
He is the onely father of his Country.

Caf. Let there be publick prayer, to all the goods.
Made in that name, for him. *Cra.* And in these words.
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the flame, he Senate from the sword,
And all her citizens from massacre.

Cic. How are my labours more then paid, grave *Father*
In these great titles, and decreed honours!

Such, as to me, first, of the civil robe,
Of any man, since *Rome* was *Rome*, have hap'ned;
And from this frequent *Senate*, which more glads me,
That I now see, yo' have sense of your own safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
Then those, wherein w'are born, and brought, to light
Because the gladness of our safety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not so:

And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sense of joy: why should not, then,
This day, to us, and all posterity
Of ours, be had in equal fame, and honour,
With that, when *Romulus* first rear'd these walls,
When so much more is saved, then he bult?

Caf. It ought. *Ca.* Let it be added to our *Fasti*.

Cic. What tumult's that? *Fla.* Here's one *Tarquinius* taken
Going to *Ca. iline*; and sayes he was sent
By *Marcus Crassus*: whom he names, to be
Guilty of the conspiracy. *Cic.* Some lying varlet.
Take him away, to prison. *Cra.* Bring him in,
And let me see him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Crassus*.
Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell,
By whose pernicious counsel, he durst slander
So great, and good a citizen. *Cra.* by yours.

I fear, t'will prove.) *Syl.* Some o'the traytors, sure,
to give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. *Cic.* I know my self,
By all the tracts, and courses of this business,
Craffus is noble, just, and loves his countrey.

Fla. Here is a libel too, accusing *Cesar*,
From *Lucius Vellius*, and confirmed by *Curius*.

Cic. A way with all, throw it out of the Court.

Caf. A trick on me, too? *Cic.* It is some mens malice,
I said to *Curius*, I did not believe him.

Caf. Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had
Reward decreed unto him, the last *Senate*,
With *Fulvia*, upon your private motion?

Cic. Yes. *Caf.* But, he ha's not that reward, yet. *Cic.* No.
Let not this trouble you. *Cesar*, none believes it.

Caf. It shall not, if that he have no reward.

But if he have, sure I shall think my self.

Very untimely, and unsafely honest.

Where such, as he is, may have pay to accuse me.

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble *Cesar*,
But all contentment. *Caf.* Consul, I am silent,

Caroline.

[*The Army.*

I Never yet knew, Souldiers that in fight

VWords added vertue unto valiant men;

Or, that a Generals oration made

An army fall, or stand: but how much prowess

Habitual, or natural each mans breast

VWas owner of, so much in act it shewed.

VWhom neither glory or danger can excite.

'Tis vain to attempt with speech: for the minds fear

Keeps all brave sounds from entring at that ear.

I, yet, would warn you some few things, my friends,

And give you reason of my present counsels.

You know, no less then I, what state, what point

Our affairs stand in; and you all have heard,

VWhat a calamitous misery the sloth,

And sleepiness of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd

Both on himself, and us: how, whilst our aids

There, in the City looked for, are defeated,

Our entrance into *Gallia*, too, is stopt.

Two armies wait us: one from *Rome*, the other

From the *Gaule-Provinces*. And we are,

(Although I most desire it) the great want

Of corn, and victual, forbids longer stay.

So that, of need, we must remove, but whither

The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
 I onely, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
 To have your valours, and your souls, about you,
 And think, you carry in your labouring hands,
 The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
 Your countrey, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
 That are to be instructed, by our swords.
 If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us.
 We shall not want provision, nor supplies,
 The colonies, and free towns will lye open;
 Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
 Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their own fortune,
 And ill-us'd arms have left without protection.
 You might have liv'd in servitude, or exile,
 Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones.
 But that you thought those things unfit for men.
 And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
 For no man ever yet chang'd peace for war,
 But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
 There's more necessary, you should be such,
 In fighting for your selves, then they for others.
 He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
 Me-thinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting
 What we will do; and all the heaven's at leaseure
 For the great spectacle. Draw, then, your swords:
 And, if our destiny envy our vertue,
 The honor of the day, yet let us care
 To sell our selves, at such a price, as may
 Undo the world, to buy us; and make *Fate*,
 While she tempts ours, fear her own estate.

The Senate.

S*En.* What means this hasty calling of the *Senate*?

Sen. We shall know straight. Wait, till the *Consul* speaks.

Pom. Fathers *Conscript*, bethink you of your safeties,
 And what to do, with these conspirators;
 Some of their clients, their free'd men, and slaves
 'Gin to make head: there is one of *Lentulus* bawds
 Runs up and down the shops, through every street,
 With money to corrupt the artificers,
 And needy tradesmen, to their aid. *Cethegus*
 Hath sent, too, to his servants; who are many,
 Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
 That forthwith they should arm themselves, and prove
 His rescue: All will be in instant uproar,
 If you prevent it not, with present counsels.

We

We have done what we can, to meet the fury,
And will do more. Be you good to your selves.

Cic. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*; shall be done?
Syllanus, you are *Consul* next design'd.

Your sentence, of these men. *Syl.* Tis short, and this
Since they have sought to blot the name of *Rome*,
Out of the world; and raze this glorious empire
With her own hands, and arms, turn'd on her self:
I think it fit they die. And, could my breath
Now execute 'hem; they should not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer, to poyson this our common air.

Sen. I think so too. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I. *Sen.* And I.
Cic. Your Sentence, *Caius Caesar. Cas. Conscript Fathers*,

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate, or love, anger, or pitty:
For, where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.
I speak this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
For whom you stand; and to the present cause:
That this foul fact of *Lenulus*, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you then your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Then to your honour. If there could be found
A pain, or punishment, equal to their crimes,
I would devise, and help: but, if the greatness
Of what they ha' done, exceed all mans invention,
I think it fit, to stay, where our laws do.

Poor petty states may alter, upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure; their fame, and fortune
Is equal, and the same. But they, that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
The greater fortune, hath the lesser licence,
They must nor favour, hate, and least be angry;
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is cruelty, and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who spake before me, a just, valiant man,
A lover of the state, and one that would not,
In such a business, use or grace, or hatred;
I know too, well his manners, and modesty:
Nor do I think his sentence cruel (for
'Gainst such delinquents what can be too bloody?
But that it is abhorring from our state;
Since to a citizen of *Rome*, offending,

Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
 Decrees he that? 'Twere vain to think, for fear;
 When, by the diligence of so worthy a *Consul*,
 All is made safe and certain. Is 't for punishment?
 Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest.
 Rather then torment: It dissolves all griefs.

And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy.
 You here, my sentence would not have 'hem die.
 How then? set free, and increase *Catelines* army?
 So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave *Fathers*,
 I judge 'hem, first, to have their states confiscate,
 Then, that their persons remain prisoners

I' the free towns far off from *Rome*, and sever'd
 Where they might neither have relation,
 Hereafter, to the *Senate*, or the people.
 Or, if they had, those towns, then to be mulcted,
 As enemies to the state, that had their guard

Sen. 'Tis good and honourable, *Cesar* hath utter'd

Cic. *Fathers*, I see your faces, and your Eyes
 All bent on me, to note of these two censures;
 Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,

The greatness of th' affair, and both severe,
 One urgeth death: and he may well remember

This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so,

The other bonds: and those perpetual; which

He thinks found out for the more singular *Plagues*,

Decree, which you shall please. You have a *Consul*,

Not readier to obey, then to defend,

What ever you shall act, for the republicque;

And meet with willing shoulders any burden,

Or any fortune, with an even face,

Though it were death: which to a valiant man

Can never happen foul, nor to a *Consul*.

Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.

Syl. *Fathers*, I spake, but as I thought: the needs

O' th' commonwealth required. *Car.* Excuse it not.

Cic. *Cato*. speak you your sentence. *Car.* This it is.

You here dispute, on kinds of punishment,

And stand consulting, what you should decree

'Gainst those, of whom you rather should beware.

This mischief is not like those common facts,

Which, when they are done, the laws may prosecute.

But this, if you provide not, e're it happen,

When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgement.

Good *Gaius Caesar*, here, hath very well,

And

And subtilly discours'd of life, and death,
 As if he thought those things, a pretty fable,
 That are delivered us of hell, and furies;
 Or of the divers way, that ill men go
 From good to filthy, dark, and ugly places
 And therefore, he would have these live, and long too;
 But far from *Rome*, and in the small free towns,
 Lest, here, they might have re:cu: As if men,
 Fit for such acts, were only in the City,
 And not throughout all *Italy*? or, that boldness
 Could do no more, where it found least resistance?
 'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dangerous.
 VWhich, if he do not, but that he alone,
 In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
 He gives me cause, and you, more to fear him.
 I am plain, *Fathers*. Here you look about,
 One at another, doubting what to do;
 VWith faces, as you trusted to the gods.
 That still have saved you; and they can do't: But,
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers,
 Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, action:
 VWhich they will be ashamed to forsake.
 'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you have
 The traytors in your houses yet, you stand,
 Fearing what to do with them; Let them loose,
 And send them hence with arms; too that your mercy
 May turn your misery, as soon as't can.
 O, but, they are great men, and have offended,
 But, through ambition. VVe would spare their honor:
 I, if themselves had spared it, or their fame,
 Or modesty, or either god, or man:
 Then I would spare them. But, as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
 A greater wickedness, then you would revenge:
 If there had been but time, and place, for you,
 To have repaired this fault you should have made it;
 It should have been your punishment, to have felt.
 Your tardy errour: but necessity,
 Now, bids me say, let them not live an hour,
 If you mean *Rome* should live a day. I have done.
Sen. *Caro* hath spoken, like an oracle.
Cra. Let it be so decreed. *Sen.* VVe are fearful.
Syl. And had been base, had not his vertue raised us.
Sen. Go forth, most worthy *Consul*, we'll assist you.
Cas. I am not yet changed in my sentence, *Fathers*.
Cat. No matter. VVhat be those? *Scr.* Letters, for *Caesar*.

Cat. From whom? let 'hem be read in open Senate
Fathers, they come from the conspirators!
I crave to have 'hem read, for the republick.

Caf. *Cato*, read you it. 'Tis a love letter.
From your dear sister, to me: though you hate me.
Do not discover it. *Cat.* Hold thee, drunkard. *Consul.*
Go forth, and confidently. *Caf.* You'l repent
This rashness, *Cicero Pra.* *Casars* shall repent it:

Cic. Hold friends: *Pra.* He's scarce a friend unto the publick.

Cic. No violence? *Cafar,* be safe. Lead on:
Where are the publick executioners?
Bid 'hem wait on us. On, to *Spinthers* house.

Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the sad revengers
Of capital crimes, against the publick, take
This man unto your justice: strangle him.

Len. Thou do'st well, *Consul.* 'Twas a cast at dice,
In *Fortunes* hand, not long since, that thy self
Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.

Cic. Lead on, to *Quintus Cornificius* house.
Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death, that he hath deserved: and let it be
Said, He was once. *Cat.* A beast, or, what is worse,
A slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name
For all that is base, hereafter: That would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His body into-----Ha! Art thou not moved!

Cic. Justice is never angry: Take him hence,

Cat. O, the whore *Fortune!* and her bawds the *Fates!*
That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a sword. Strangle me, I may sleep:
I shall grow angry with the gods, else. *Cic.* Lead
To *Cains Casar*, for *Statilins*.

Bring him, and rude *Gabinus* out. Here take them
To your cold hands, and let them feel death from you.

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure. *Sta.* And me too.

Cat. So, *Marcus Fullius*, thou mayest now stand up,
And call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Consul*.

Great parent of thy countrey, go, and let:
The old men of the city, ere they die,
Kiss thee; the matrons dwell about thy neck;
The youths, and maids, lay up, against they are old;
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews
When, such a year, they read, with in our *Fasti*,

Thy Consul-ship. Who's this, *Pretricus*? *Cic.* Welcome;

Welcome renowned souldier. VVhates the news?

This face can bring no ill with't, unto *Rome*.

How do's the worthy *Consul*, my colleague?

Pet. As well as victory can make him sir,
He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath trusted
The sad relations of the civil strife:
For, in such war, the conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of *Concord*?

Cat. No, happy *Consul*, here; let all ears take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,
To spread unto the poles, and strike it through
The centre, to the *Antipodes*; It would ask it.

Pet. The straits, and needs of *Catiline* being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies,
That then had near enclos'd him. It pleas'd *Fate*,
To make us th' object of his desperate choise,
Wherein the danger almost poiz'd the honour:
And as he rise, the day grew black with him;
And *Fate* descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant, to hide the name of things,
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we rous'd, lest one small minutes stay
Had left it to be enquir'd, what *Rome* was.

And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle, stood.
Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publick ruine:
His count'nance was a civil war it self.

And all his host had standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death, that was to come.
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.

Nor staid we longer for 'hem; but himself
Strook the first stroke. And, with it, fled a life.

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land,
Had broke between two mighty seas; and either

Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides

Meet, and not yield. The *Furies* stood, on hills,
Circling the place, and trembled to see men

Do more, then they: whilst piety left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that, in so bad a cause,

They knew not, what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud.

The battle made; seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward.

And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it self;

Had not the fortune of the Commonwealth
 Come *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
 Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his troops
 Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunks;
 Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
 Collected all his fury, and ran in
 (Arm'd with a glory, high as his despair)
 Into our battle, like a *Lybian* Lyon,
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
 Careless of wounds, Plucking down lives about him,
 Till he had circled in himself with death:
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
 And, as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth *Meausa's* head,
 One of the gyant brethren felt himself
 Grow marble at the killing sight, and now,
 Almost made stone, began t'enquire, what flint,
 What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs,
 And, e're he could think more, was that he fear'd;
 So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,
 Became his tomb: yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd;
 As if he labour'd, yet, to grasp the state,
 With those rebellious parts. *Cat.* A brave bad death.
 Had this been honest now, and for his country,
 As 'twas againit it, who had e're fallen greater?
Cic. Honour'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I, must thank you.
 How modestly ha's he spoken of himself!
Cat. He did the more. *Cic.* Thanks to the immortal gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,
 My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
 Your praises, triumphs; honours, and rewards,
 Decree'd to me: onely the memory
 Of this glad day, if I may know it live
 Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
 Which I must always study before fame.
 Though both be good, the latter yet is worst.
 And ever is ill got, without the first.

The End.



THE EPILOGUE

By the same.

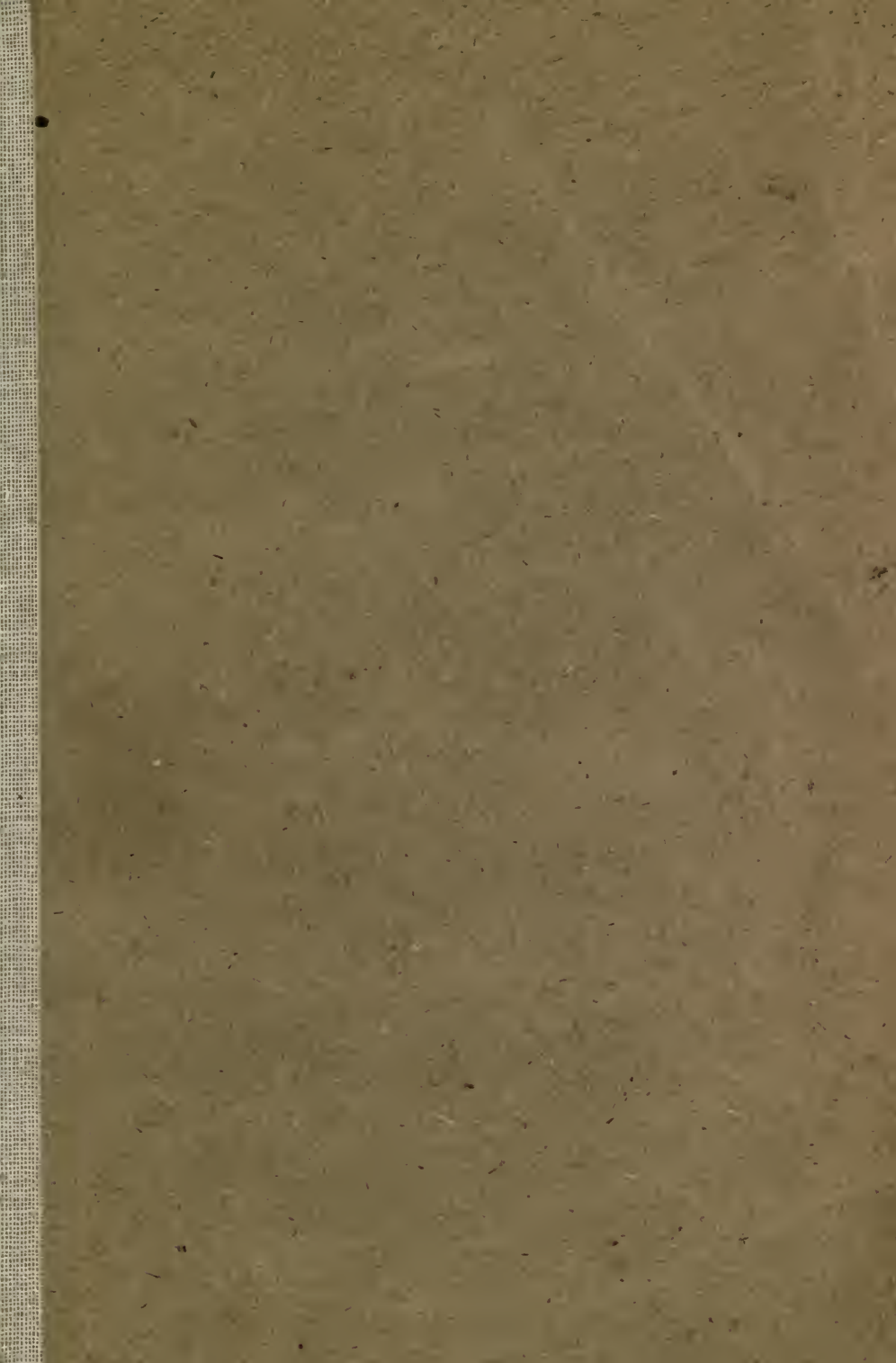
NO Dance, no Song, no Farce? His lofty Pen,
How e're we like it, doubtless Wrote to Men.
Height may be his, as it was Babel's fall;
There Bricklayers turn'd to Linguists, ruin'd all.
I'de ne're spoke this, had I not heard by many,
He lik't one silent Woman, above any:
And against us had such strange prejudice;
For our Applause, he scorn'd to Write amiss.
For all this, he did us, like Wonders, prize;
Not for our Sex, but when he found us Wise.
A Poet runs the Gantlet, and his slips,
Are bare expos'd to regiments of Whips;
Among those, he so Poetick Champions Writ;
As We to gain the Infancy of Wit.
Which if they prove the greatest Number, then
The House hath cause to thank Nell, more than Bea.
Our Author might perfer your praise, perhaps,
Wee'd rather have your Money, than your Claps.

EPITAPH

IN
THE
CATHEDRAL CHURCH
OF
ST. ANDREW
AT
DUNDEE

BY
JAMES
MACKENZIE
ESQ.

1850



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